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Comment Of The Day

THE CLIMAX

TODAY President Eisenhower and Mr Khrushchev are meeting together secretly for the first time at Camp David. People are looking upon it with hope for from these talks could stem the decision to bring the cold war to a gradual end. Or it could mean a perpetuation of the tension and the start of a progressive decline in relations. Despite the mixed reception Khrushchev has had during his tour of America, there are high hopes that today's meeting will end harmoniously. This does not mean that major world problems will be magically solved, but that the Big Two will agree not to allow their differences of opinion to stir animosities and maintain hostile divisions. And this is about as much as anyone can hope for in the first stage of a rapprochement.

Among specific subjects to be discussed, the Khrushchev disarmament proposals will take an important place. They may seem remote, far-fetched and even unwise at the moment but nothing less than ultimate total disarmament will do if the great powers are going to live in trust and peace with one another.

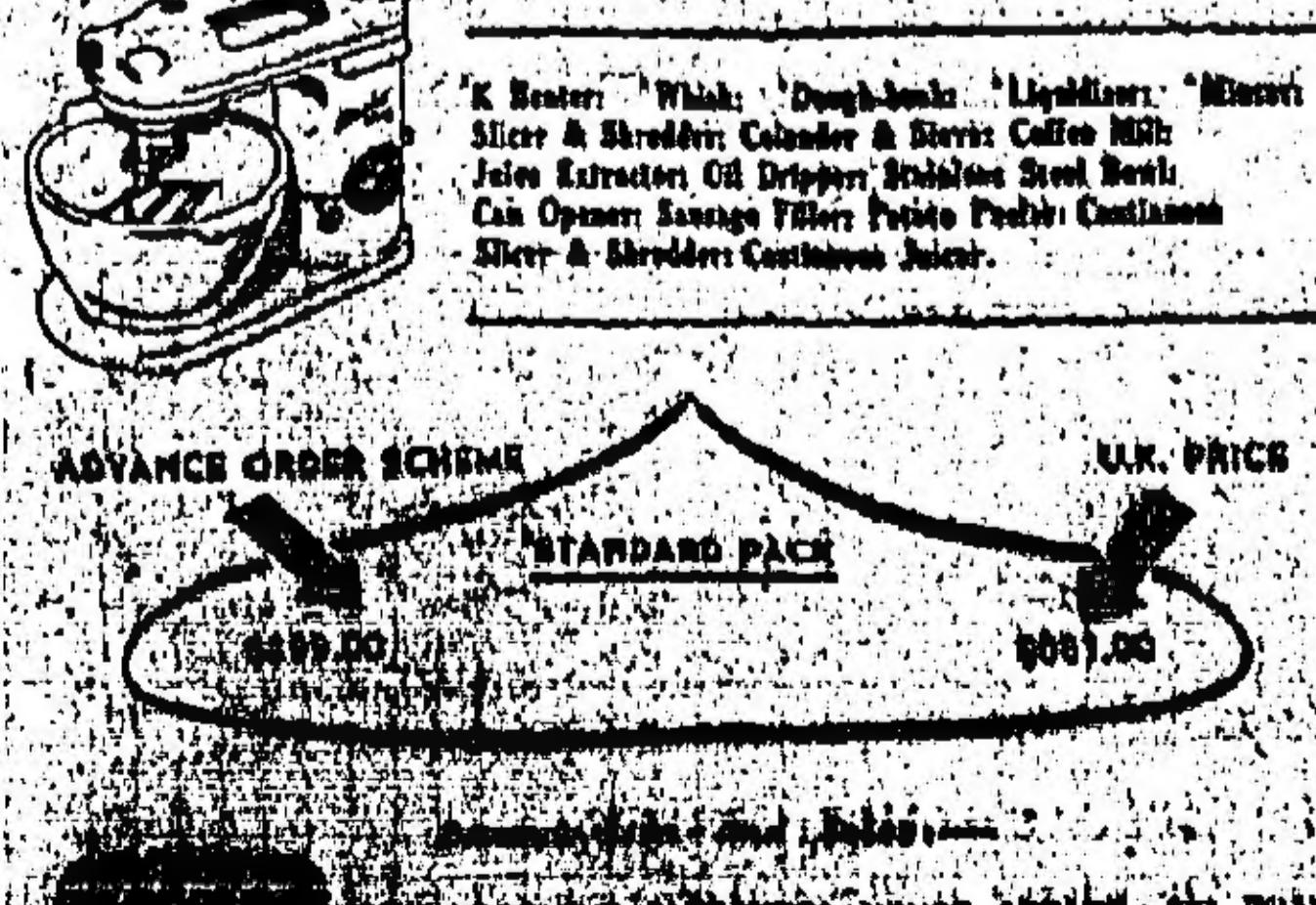
There will always be international problems between East and West. One of the most serious causes of misunderstanding is the ambiguous and conflicting statements which both sides make. Russia for example has a Communist Party central committee which promises to communise the world by force if necessary. Mr Khrushchev does not intend to negotiate except on matters of purely bilateral interest.—Reuter.

And while American politicians talk hopefully of peace there are always generals and admirals who can boast of the speed with which Moscow can be hydrogenated in an emergency. A good beginning would be for both countries to permit only a few top people to make international policy statements. The rest should be gagged. A decision on these lines by the Big Two would be a welcome achievement.

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IKE AND K AT CAMP DAVID

Big Two Talks On Cold War Issues Begin

Camp David, Sept. 25.
President Eisenhower and Nikita S. Khrushchev launched a momentous experiment in personal diplomacy tonight in hopes of solving crucial East-West issues which have defied conventional approaches.

The President and the Soviet Premier opened their extraordinary man-to-man talks almost immediately after arriving at Mr Eisenhower's heavily-guarded mountain lodge by helicopter from Washington. They will remain until Sunday night to find some common ground of understanding.

Gettysburg, Sept. 25.
President Eisenhower and Mr. Nikita Khrushchev opened their momentous talks tonight with a general review of the world situation immediately after their arrival at Camp David.

Sitting in the sun porch of the President's wooden cottage atop a mountain, the two leaders and their Foreign Ministers held a wide-ranging, general discussion. Mr James Hagerty, the White House spokesman, told reporters at a press conference:

Mr Andrew Berding, the Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs at the State Department declared: "They (the President and Mr Khrushchev) do not intend to negotiate except on matters of purely bilateral interest."—Reuter.

Mr Khrushchev went into the conference declaring that his spectacular U.S. tour had helped ease East-West tensions "to a certain extent." He said he was hopeful of success.

The President has said he too hoped to "have some ice."

Scene of the summit meeting was Camp David's Aspen Lodge, a rustic cottage perched on top of Maryland's picturesquely Catoctin Mountains.

The President and Mr Khrushchev flew to Camp David in the

HUME TELLS 'WHY I ROBBED ZURICH BANK'

Winterthur, Sept. 25.
Donald Brian Hume today told the court hero trying him for murder that he robbed a Zurich bank because he did not want his conscience to "brand him as a coward."

He knew in advance he was going to fail, he said—"but I did it anyway."

The Judge's questioning of Hume concluded before lunch.

Subdued

Hume, serious and subdued on the second day of his trial after yesterday's boisterous start, said this morning "I accept the case for the prosecution and I am not going to dispute it in any way."

He admitted staying all night in the English church at Zurich, eating the Communion bread and drinking the wine. He took from the church the cardbox box in which he afterwards carried his pistol.

Asked why he felt it necessary to go to the church, he said "it's very difficult to say what is going on inside someone at such moments. Maybe it was the influence of Trudi Sommer" (his fiancee).

Hume has agreed that money he is to receive from a film company should be paid to all the people who suffered through the alleged Swiss bank raid, the Defense Lawyer, Dr Dieter von Reichenberg, told reporters today. —Cina Mail Special.

Apple In Two

Hume at first said he did not fire his pistol from the cardbox box but pointed it and said "blinds-up."

He said he could easily have shot two bank clerks "if I went there to start blasting and shooting . . . they know I am a very good shot with a pistol and shot apples in two at 25 yards."

Later, when the President asked "Is it right that you put the cardbox box on the counter and shot through it?" he replied "yes."

Another question, Hume said "it's always to believe that the man could have been killed, but at the moment I just shot without thinking."

The Court President, Dr Hans Gut, said "you have already told us that the manager of the Brentford (England) branch of the Midland Bank was badly injured. So you had to take into account the possibility of killing."

According to hospital sources the Prime Minister's spleen was removed and his liver and

intestines were patched in the operation.

Later it was announced that Mr Bandaranaike regained consciousness and joked with his doctors.

Bandaranaike laughed feebly and said: "We politicians are a tough lot."

Outside his hospital which is heavily guarded by police and barred to visitors, crowds of anxious people maintained a night-long vigil.

STATEMENT MADE

The Prime Minister's assailant, who has also been operated on, made a statement to the police which was reportedly incoherent.

The statement has not helped police to establish a motive for his attempt on the Premier's life.

Meanwhile messages of sympathy are pouring in from all over the world.

President Tito, Mr Nehru and Mr Macmillan have all sent telegrams.—All Agencies.

It's Not Done In Portugal

Lisbon, Sept. 25.
Bullfighter Antonio Dos Santos did the wrong thing yesterday. He killed the bull.

Killing the bull is illegal in Portugal and Dos Santos was taken off to jail despite the wild applause of enthusiastic fans to whom the slaughter was a rare treat. He was released on US\$1,000 bail.

Bullfight fans were so delighted to see a real "moment of truth" they vaulted over the railings, grabbed Dos Santos and carried him on their

shoulders six times around the ring.

But police collared the errant bullfighter and took him to jail while furious arabs employees dragged out the bull's carcass.

Dos Santos, used to fighting and killing bulls in Spain, said "something just came over me."

It had been teasing the bull and tickling its ribs with the sword which in Portugal is strictly ceremonial.

Suddenly he raised his sword. The crowd, holding

breath and guessing what might happen, was frozen in the stands. Then Dos Santos plunged the steel in the classical Spanish manner. The surprised bull sank to its knees, dying.

Dos Santos said it was a "mistake" but veteran Portuguese bullfight fans claimed they knew better.

Antonio's cousin, Manolo Dos Santos, did the same thing here some years ago. He was gaoled briefly and paid a fine for breaking the Portuguese law.—UPI.

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Typhoon Relief

London, Sept. 25.
The British Red Cross said today that it was sending £500 to the South Korean Red Cross in response to an appeal for the relief of thousands of people rendered homeless by the recent typhoon.—Reuters.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Legend Of The Witch Of Wookey

London, Sept. 24. British "cavemen" will soon be pushing further into the legendary domain of the Witch of Wookey. But they will have to go under water—and underground—to do it.

The Wookey Hole Caves, in the English county of Somerset, were the home of prehistoric man—and prehistoric hyenas—more than 60,000 years ago. The series of fantastic caverns, carved beneath the Mendip hills by the River Axe offered a splendid hiding place for ancient Britons.

But the story of the witch in the caves belongs to a later age. No one knows quite how it began but for generations it was passed by mouth from father to son.

An 18th century poem tells how the witch's neighbours objected to this evil woman, until a learned monk from Glastonbury conveniently turned her into stone.

RE-DISCOVERED

The legend lingered on long after the caves had been forgotten. Centuries ago the entrance silted up, and it wasn't until the 18th century that the way into the weird and wonderful grottoes was re-discovered.

The first explorers climbed down a natural rock staircase and into a great cavern. There glancing at the secretive River Axe was the Witch of Wookey—a huge chunk of rock roughly hewn by nature out of the head and shoulders of a grotesque hog.

A little way beyond the river clinging through a low archway, in recent years cave explorers and divers have followed the course of the river through 15 chambers. With new and improved equipment they hope to go still further—possibly to the source of the River Axe, 15 miles away in the heart of the Mendip hills.

But perhaps there is some truth in the legend of the Witch of Wookey after all. Excavations in the caves some years ago brought to light the skeleton of a woman. Next to her was a round crystal ball.—UPI

MALAYA GIVES GREEN LIGHT TO ACTOR TROUPE FROM HONGKONG

From CORDON HUNG

Kuala Lumpur, Sept. 22. The Movie Stars Travelling Dramatic troupe from Hongkong has been allowed to perform in the Federation after being refused permission to put on shows in Singapore because the show would not promote "healthy culture."

Leader of the 13-member troupe which includes four women, Mr Anthony Young, better known as Pak Wan, the Amoy screen idol, said when he heard the good news yesterday: "All of us are very happy. We have started rehearsing already."

They came to the Federation under the sponsorship of Shaw Brothers and had submitted their script of a Chinese play set in the Ching dynasty to the police, who voiced no objections to the play.

Told To Go

The troupe arrived in Singapore on September 13, but 24 hours after their arrival the troupe was told to leave. They were supposed to open their on September 17.

When they were told to get out of Singapore they decided to come to the Federation.

The 39-year-old leader said that he could not understand why Singapore had suddenly decided to refuse the troupe permission to perform.

He said the performances of the troupe were "strictly cultural, historical and classical."

Not A Trace

There was not a trace of "yellow culture, strip-tease or a touch of politics" in the 2½-hour show.

In fact we decided to visit Singapore following recent appeals by the Minister of Culture to promote more cultural contacts with peoples of neighbouring countries."

"We would definitely have not come to Singapore if we had been told earlier," he added.

The Singapore Government's reason for giving the troupe the

GOING TO THE MOON

TONIGHT AT 7.30 P.M.

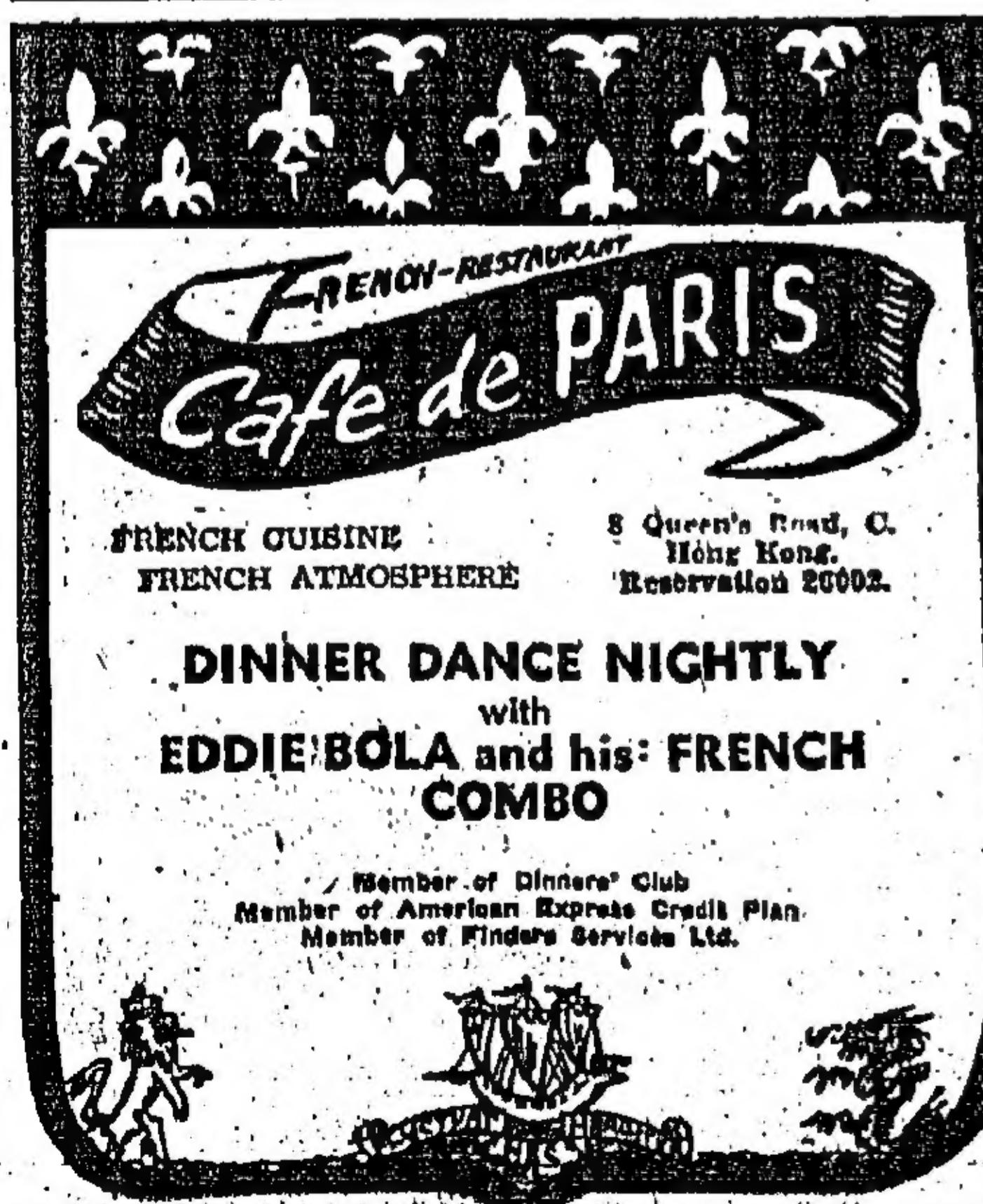
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BIRTHDAY CARDS SHOCK VICAR

London, Sept. 24.

A Vicar is reported to have attacked the "objectionable suggestiveness" of certain types of birthday cards on sale in his parish at Gillingham, Kent.

The Sunday Graphic said the Vicar, the Rev. Donald Mills, wanted to buy some of the cards to print as evidence for an article published in a recent issue of his parish magazine.

But he found them so indecent that he was too embarrassed to buy them from the girl assistants.

It quoted him as writing: "I was disgusted to observe the low standard of morality to which a birthday card can sink."

"In the eyes of some people, apparently, even a birthday card has to be associated with some objectionable suggestiveness both in picture and word."

"What is to be the effect of this on our children when, in all innocence, they go to buy a birthday card for someone they love?"

According to the Sunday Graphic, some of the cards to which the Vicar referred depicted shapely, undressed girls.—China Mail Special.

STATE UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF GUY LAFAYE

• TO-DAY •

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Motion Picture & General Investment Co., Ltd. presents

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Linda Goes Astray



Five-year-old Linda Kerr got lost and ended up in Athens, 650 miles away from her frantic mother in Rome. With her mother, Mrs Barbara Kerr, Linda was on her way home after visiting her father in Ghana. At Rome the plane stopped to refuel and Linda wandered off. A few minutes later she was discovered missing. After a frantic search Linda was discovered on an airliner bound for Athens. Picture shows Linda at the London Airport after she returned from Athens.—Express Photo.

Movement Of Traffic By Remote Control

Washington, Sept. 23. Traffic control here has entered the age of electronics—via a roll of pink paper tape.

The tape is the heart of a new system that provides remote control over movement of traffic. Punched with a code, the tape contains orders transmitted in an ultra high frequency to traffic lights scattered throughout the city.

It's all designed to give motorists a continual green light if they travel at the posted speed limits, and to accommodate different traffic patterns during different times of the day.

Similar radio controlled systems will be installed soon in New York, Seattle, and Los Angeles.

TAPE RECORDER

The radio controls save the expense of digging up streets, laying new cables, and then repaving. Also, said District of Columbia traffic engineer Charles Sullivan, the musical sounding radio signals allow engineers to send out up to 38 different kinds of orders. He added that if the tape breaks, the city has plenty of extra tape on hand.—UPI.

BUCKINGHAM RESTAURANT NIGHT CLUB

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Cruising Around In Space On Free Fuel

Washington, Sept. 23. Spaceships some day may "cruise almost indefinitely on free space fuel."

The American House of Representatives Committee on Science and Astronautics says that this is "perhaps the most imaginative idea of all" for future space travel.

It would make use of energy belts found in space. One of these belts is the Van Allen radiation belt, around the earth.

Data on the Van Allen belt has been gathered by instruments in several explorer satellites.

"By judicious navigation from one such energy belt to another, it may some day be possible to cruise almost indefinitely on free space fuel," the committee report said.

But this is an idea for the far future. Within the next five years the major problem will be to improve the chemistry of liquid and solid propellants. Theoretically, the energy-carrying capacity of these fuels can be upgraded 50 per cent, the Committee said.

Within ten years the Committee expects that some headway will be made in harnessing nuclear and electric power. A less conventional propulsion system might use free radicals—highly reactive parts of broken molecules.

This report listed as needs for the future:

- ways to recover and re-use large rocket engines that have been jettisoned; and
- development of upper-stage liquid rocket engines and high-energy propellants such as liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen, or storable propellants.

This will mean that payloads can be increased by anything from two to ten times.

The Committee called upon the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) for a decision soon on how man is to go to the moon. "It is possible," the report said, "that the first manned flights to the moon and later to other planets in our solar system will originate from space platforms already in earth orbits some 300 nautical miles above the earth.—UPI.

Bar... As In 'Barber'

Beverly Hills, Calif. Time-shy business executives need not interrupt their busy schedules for a haircut anymore. A plush barbershop just opened here offers businessmen a conference room to conduct their business while getting a trim. Oh yes, there also is another attraction: a bar.—UPI.

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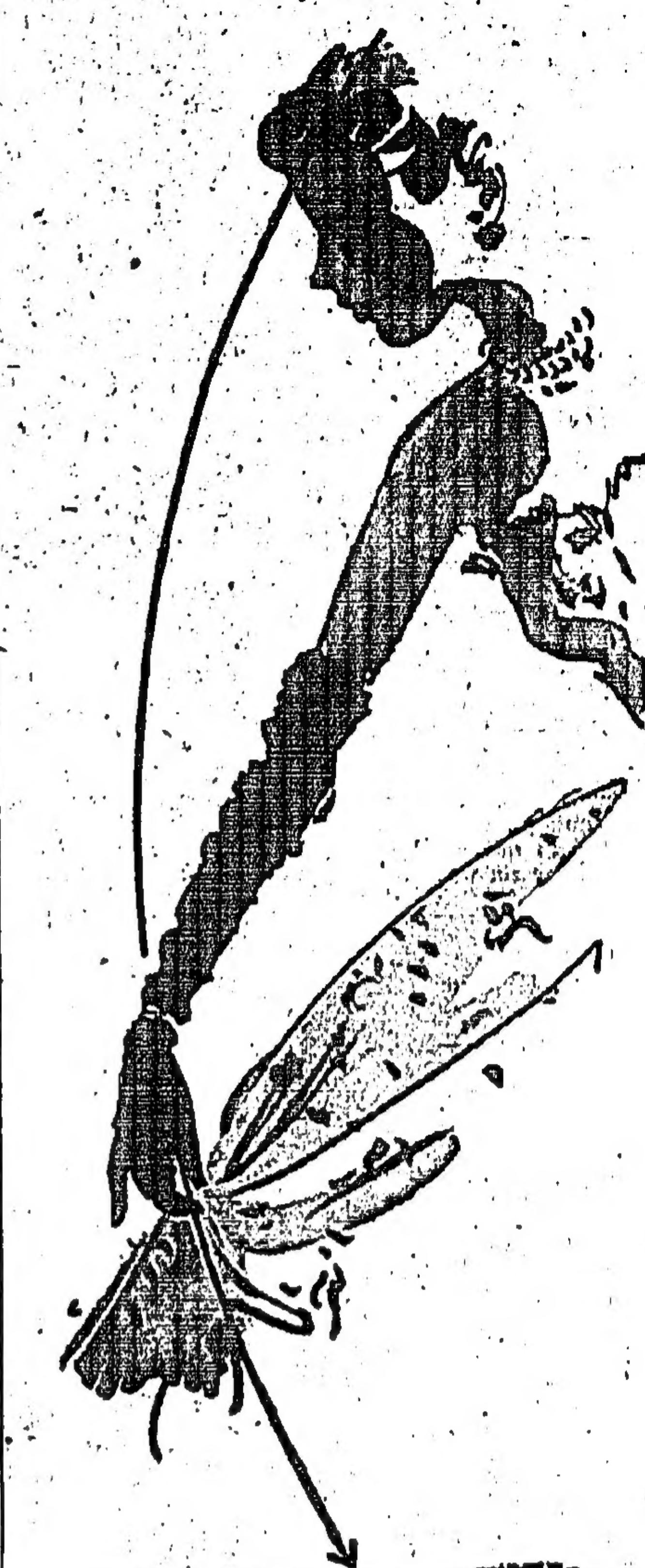
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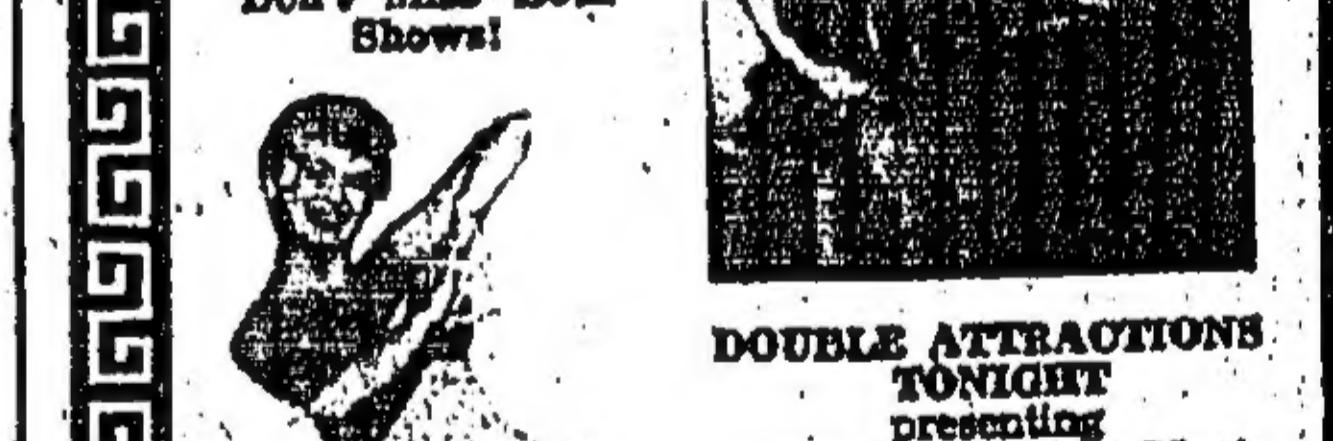
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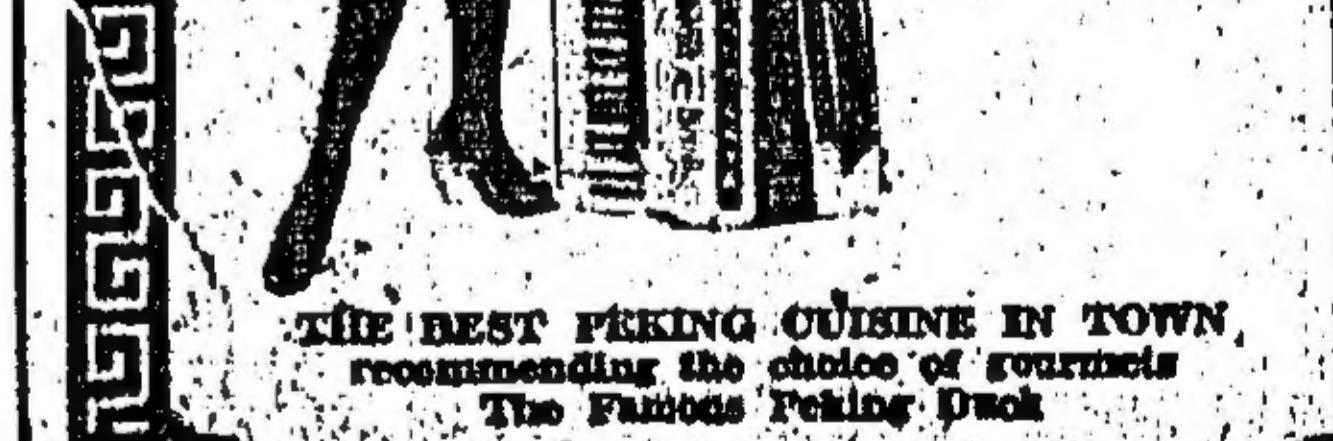
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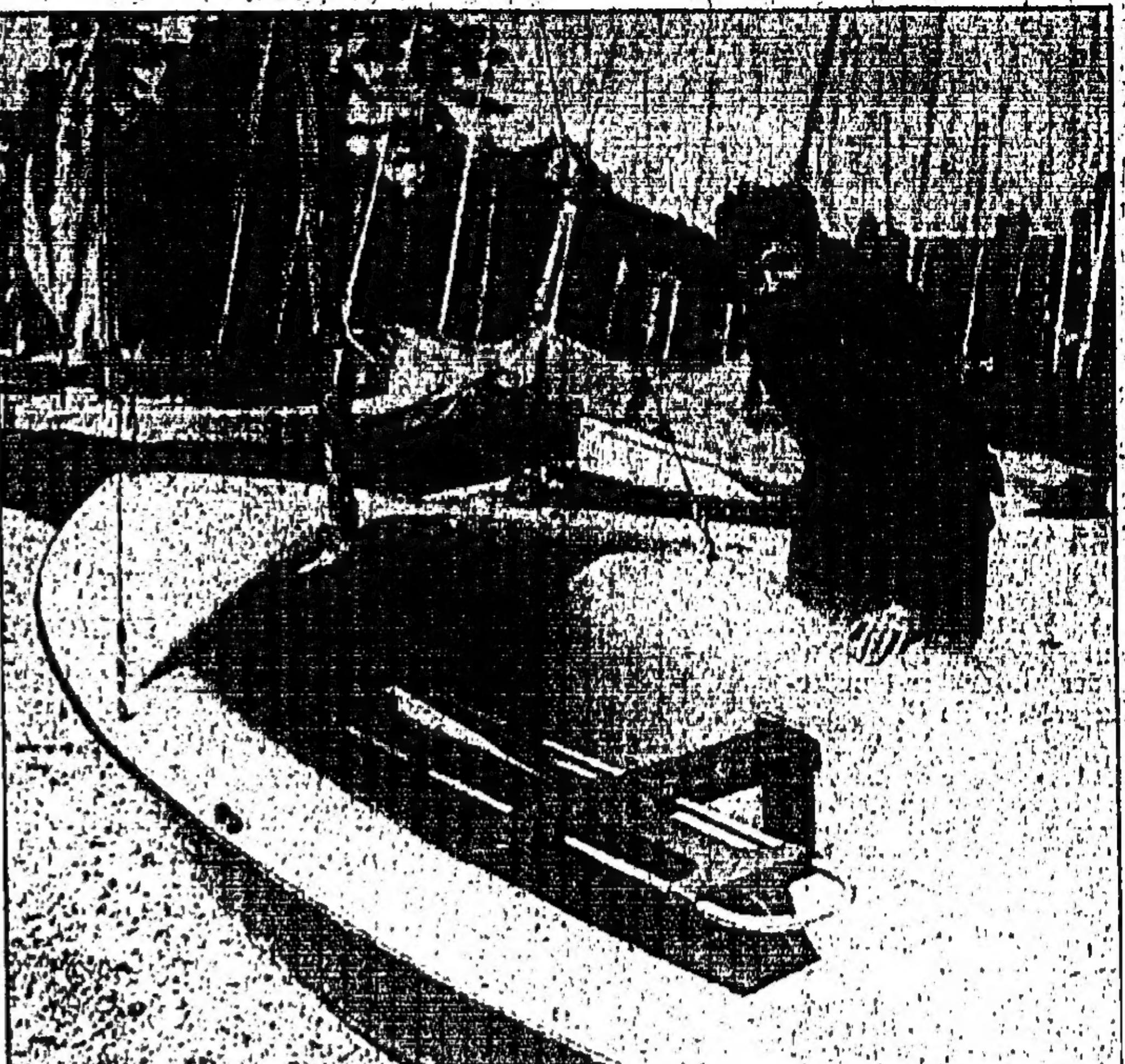
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: A 15-year-old British international swimmer, Diana Wilkinson, first woman to swim 100 yards in less than a minute, is to give up international swimming for the rest of the year. Schoolgirl Diana has recently lost form, and has been advised by her parents to rest from competition and stay out of the water for six weeks. Picture shows Diana and her mother.



ABOVE: Earl Beatty recently arrived back from a Mediterranean cruise with 18-year-old deb Diane Kirk, who was wearing an engagement ring which she did not possess when she left. The 54-year-old Peer, thrice married, denied any romance by saying "There is no romance between me and Diane and I am a very old friend of her family's, and I have known her for more than a year." Diane's mother has described the rumour of a romance as "ridiculous."



ABOVE: Rowing champion B. Perry recently took the first of a new series of fibreglass dinghies out on to the Solent—and tried his hardest to sink it. Only once did he manage to capsize it, and even then it righted again with no difficulty. The dinghy was the first of the Alpha class of 12 footers, built by Bristol Aircraft Limited to a design by two Oxford men, and for a first order from the Oxford University Yacht Club. Picture shows S. S. Wilson, one of the two designers, with the dinghy.



ABOVE: Some 450 delegates from 33 countries, under the presidency of Senhor Quirino da Fonseca of Portugal, met the other day in London for the opening of a conference of marine underwriters. Picture shows the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillott, listening to the opening speech by Senhor da Fonseca. On the left is delegate Kostock Jenson.



ABOVE: Up amongst London's chimney pots, Miss Brenda Eisen, of St Mary's Gray, Kent, takes reading from the varied array of instruments which confront her on this, the now location of the "Air Ministry Roof," for it is from this position that London's weather is recorded. Up until recently readings on the "Air Ministry Roof" were taken at nearby Victory House in London's Kingsway where weather instruments had been used for the last 21 years, but now they are to be found only a stone's throw away, up on the roof of Princes House, where this picture was taken.



ABOVE: For over a year, travelling art dealer Llewellyn Evans has been touring US bases in Britain with a vanload of paintings. But there was one painting, of medieval merrymakers, which he just couldn't sell at his asking price of £500, though he did turn down one offer of £250. Now Llewellyn is glad he couldn't find a buyer—for exports of the National Gallery and the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, have identified the artist as Ludovic Poxzzerato, a Fleming who worked in Italy in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. And they reckon the 29" x 50" painting is worth at least £10,000.



ABOVE: Lord Beaverbrook, the Canadian clergyman's son, who by his 40th birthday had risen to become, in turn, a millionaire, a British M.P., owner of Britain's most powerful newspapers, a cabinet minister, and a peer, recently realised the ambition of a lifetime. In a simple ceremony, he presented to the people of New Brunswick—where he was born just over 80 years ago—the first art gallery the Atlantic Provinces of Canada have ever possessed. With it go a collection of over 300 paintings and 1,000 drawings and lithographs he has collected in the last 40 years, and a generous endowment fund for the gallery's upkeep. He is seen here—alone in the treasury of art that now belongs to his fellow citizens.



ABOVE: Pauline Huhn, 17-year-old actress, loses no time in studying her script. She reads it over at the Westbury Hotel, Mayfair, only a short while after arriving in London from New York recently to star in "Too Young to Love," film version of the play, "Pick-up Girl."



ABOVE: John Piper seen at work on the mosaic mural he is designing for the BBC's new Television Centre, a huge modern building now under construction in West London. Mr. Piper was commissioned by the BBC to do the mural, which measures 16' foot by 26' foot, and which is an abstract pattern in brilliant colours. It will occupy a commanding position in the entrance hall of the new Centre.



ABOVE: Challenging the ancient Castle and Holyrood Palace as a tourist attraction in Edinburgh is an innovation—the Museum of Childhood, which was started four years ago by a confirmed bachelor on the Town Council, Patrick Murray. Since two costumed dolls gave him the idea, the Museum has outgrown its original home, now attracts educationists, folklore specialists and sociologists from all over the world. Picture shows Patrick Murray with some of the dolls on exhibition. The display also includes outmoded nursery games, first editions of children's magazines and comics, the first pin-shooter, a 60-year-old walking doll, and even a case full of castor-oil and other distasteful medicines of childhood.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREE'S



THE
MILK CHOCOLATE
THAT'S DIFFERENT!

Princess in Pillory



TWO ON HOLIDAY—Leopold and Liliane.

THE service in the little Belgian church was over. The congregation prepared to leave. They would walk quickly and quietly through the streets under the watchful eyes of the German troops on patrol. One Sunday in enemy-occupied Belgium was much like another.

But this Sunday, in December 1941, did turn out to be different. The priest was climbing to the pulpit for a second time. He had an announcement to make. It was a message from Cardinal Archbishop Van Roey, Primate of Belgium. This was the prime's pronouncement:

"My Very Dear Brethren: I am authorised to make known to you an important event: His Majesty King Leopold has contracted a marriage with Mademoiselle Liliane Baels . . . one of our countrymen, a member of a most honoured family in West Flanders . . .

"I had the honour and pleasure of blessing this marriage on September 11 last, in the presence of relatives, in the chapel at the Chateau of Laeken. . . .

"I am authorised to add that this marriage concerns the private and family life of the king only. An authentic decree of the Sovereign has established that the royal bride renounces the title of queen, a condition which she herself made to her marriage. She will bear the title of Princess de Rethy. By the same decree the king declares that any children of this marriage shall enjoy no hereditary right to the Crown."

The news stunned its hearers.

There were questions . . . all kinds of questions. Why hadn't the news been in the papers?

If the king, a prisoner in his palace at Laeken, had been married in September, why had they waited until now to announce it? And who WAS Liliane Baels?

Liliane Baels was born in London—at 5 Highbury New

Park—on November 28, 1917. She was child No. 365 in the register for that day.

Her father, Henry Baels, was a lawyer.

At the beginning of the First World War he had a practice in Ostend, but when the country was overrun by the Germans, he transformed the practice to London. He went back after the war and in the 1930's held various Government and Crown posts—Minister of the Interior, and Governor of the province of West Flanders.

King's friend

In these duties he won the lifetime friendship of King Albert. Meanwhile Liliane was at school, at the Sacre-Coeur in Ostend.

It was there that a prophetic event occurred in Liliane's life. Her class was ordered to write a composition. Each girl was allowed to choose her own subject.

Some girls wrote on intellectual subjects, some about their holidays or pets. Liliane chose

to write about Crown Prince Leopold.

It was a kind of "hero-worship" for Leopold was a living object for adoration.

In 1933 he seemed hardly more than a boy, tall, slender, impeccably dressed, remarkably handsome with clear grey eyes and a serious expression. His photograph was to be seen everywhere.

Every girl in Belgium admired him. The difference between Liliane and the others was that in time she married him.

But that was years ahead. Liliane's parents felt that their daughter's education was still incomplete. They sent her to England, to become the Perfect Young Lady. This perfection process was entrusted to the fashionable Roman Catholic finishing school of the Holy Child in Clarendon Square, Marylebone.

In 1938, Leopold had already been King of the Belgians for four difficult years. His father had died in a mountain-climbing accident in 1934. Only a year later his wife, the beauti-

ful Queen Astrid, had died in his arms after a nursing accident.

So serious

So Leopold was not a "gay" young man. He devoted himself to work and planning with great energy, seldom relaxed, and seldom smiled.

But he was looking forward to the Grand Prix, the principal horse race of the year, at Ostend, as he drove over there on July 24, 1938.

When the races began Governor Henry Baels sat on the king's right.

The king asked about Madame Baels, suggesting that she might like to join them. The governor had the message telephoned to her at the family villa in nearby Le Zoute.

Madame Baels quickly got ready and asked her daughter to drive her to the Ostend racetrack. Liliane made good time in their smart-looking open car.

Finding that her errand had brought her to a spot where she

could enjoy her first good look at the king, she did not drive away again as soon as her mother had left the car.

First talk

A few moments later Leopold leered in her direction, stopped in the middle of a sentence, and inquired: "Who is that beautiful young woman in Madame Baels's car?"

That was the first meeting of Liliane and Leopold. The conversation was pleasant but short, with a number of people listening.

"Do you speak French or Flemish, mademoiselle?"

Liliane and the king exchanged their few words, but

"I speak both, sire."

"Do you play golf?" And sand people were waiting . . .

Then an invitation to a game at Le Zoute the following day.

The meeting on the links was a most stuffy occasion.

There wasn't much sparkling conversation. All the same it was a good enough game to call for another . . . almost two years later.

Their third meeting did not

take place on the links but on the rolling lawns in front of the palace at Laeken. This was in June 1939, when Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was on a state visit to Belgium.

Leopold gave a reception for her, in which the Baels family was invited.

Liliane and the king exchanged their few words, but

"Nothing is more personal than an injury. So instead of talking

about religion or art or even golf, the king found that he was talking about the personal life of Liliane Baels . . . and that he wanted to know more about her.

It was only a few days later

that Liliane received an invitation to luncheon at Laeken. It was given by Queen Mother Elisabeth at her house, Les Palmiers, in the grounds of Laeken.

Invitation

This time the conversation

was much less strained. The king learned that since their last meeting Liliane had had a serious accident—skiing in Austria, and had spent three months convalescing.

Liliane and the king exchanged their few words, but

"Nothing is more personal than an injury. So instead of talking

(Continued on Page 7)

BEGINNING THE STORY OF PRINCESS LILIANE DE RETHY...

Could this woman end a monarchy?

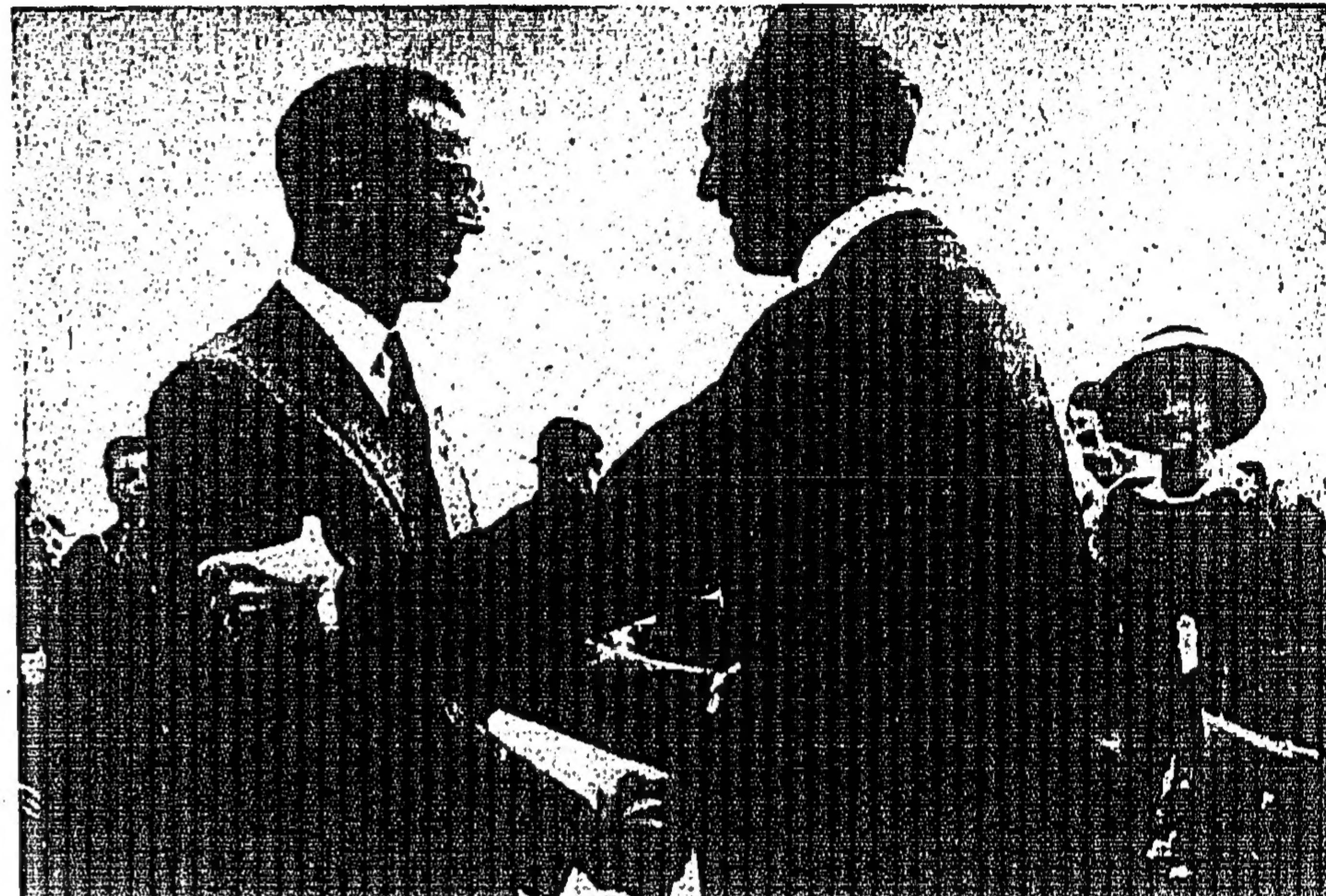
How much longer can the Belgian throne last?

That question must have been in the minds of many of the guests who gathered in Brussels a few months ago for the glittering royal wedding. As they pondered over it, many of them may have looked at one woman—Princess Liliane de Rethy.

Ever since her marriage to ex-King Leopold in 1941 the power of the Belgian throne has diminished. Because of that marriage, Leopold was forced to abdicate in favour of his son. Now there is talk that Baudouin too will have to abdicate because of the influence his stepmother holds over him.

WHO is this woman who has rocked a monarchy? How did she come into Leopold's life? Why do so many Belgians hate her? Hera, for the first time, is the full story of Liliane Baels and her love for a king. The author is a former diplomat accredited to the Belgian court.

PART ONE OF A KING'S LOVE STORY



WOMAN IN THE BACKGROUND: Liliane watches as Leopold welcomes home King Baudouin after his U.S. trip.

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

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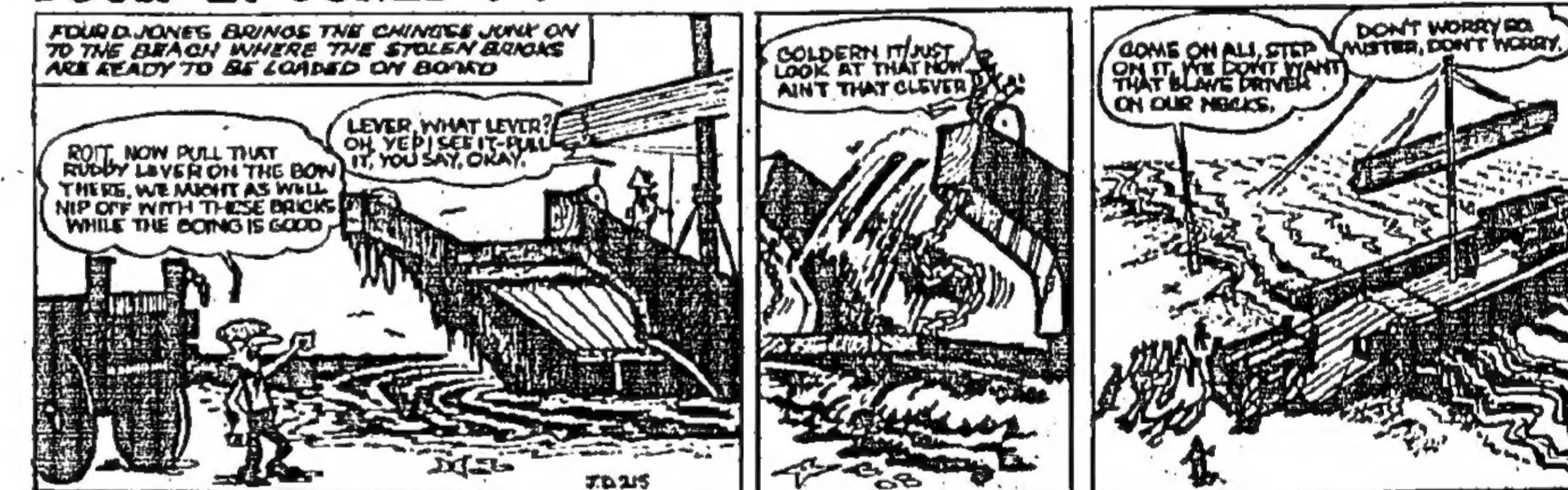
One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children.

Make 'ANTEPAR' a routine family habit. Give everyone one dose every three months. And be sure your family are always free from roundworms!

'ANTEPAR' the one-dose, one-day roundworm remedy
Accept only original packing. It refutes all substitutes.

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... MOST CONTROVERSIAL OF ALL EUROPE'S ROYAL FIGURES

Her fury silences
the jibes
at Leopold

(Continued from Page 6)

frontiers of Belgium, and a wall of steel and fire dropped between Lilliane and the king.

★ ★ ★

Forty miles from Bruges, the old man's home of Alois stood full in the path of advancing war. Those inmates who remained were the ones who were too weak to flee. It was necessary to evacuate them.

Every mile of the escape route was pitted with holes from the bombs that had dropped on it; and the Stukas roared over it, discharging their streams of machine-gun bullets into the mass of trucks, cars, wagons, and bicycles that choked it.

It was on this road that Lilliane Baez sat behind the wheel of a Red Cross ambulance—for it was she who had the mission of evacuating the old men from Alois.

When Lilliane turned her heavy ambulance into this road everyone else was fleeing the enemy; she alone was pushing towards the front.

For the whole distance her two right wheels were rarely out of the ditch, often the whole car was off the road.

She reached Alois at last and filled the ambulance with the old men of the hospice.

The Stukas struck almost as soon as she moved off. They pelted the crowded road with their metallic hail.

Lilliane gritted her teeth and clung to the wheel.

One bullet crashed through the top of the car. The man at her side slumped against her, and the ambulance swerved.

With one hand she wrenched the wheel back to an upright position. But the man with her fell forward again, his

head striking the dashboard. Through his matted hair she could see the slow, dark welling of his blood and she realized that he was dead.

Trembling, Lilliane brought the car to a stop. She had never seen violent death before.

She held the dead man up with one arm and turned wildly towards the road, looking for someone to help. But by her poured the stream of refugees, each intent on his own troubles. Everyone had to be self-sufficient.

To Dunkirk

Lilliane pulled off her belt and led the body beside her to the door-handle.

The moment of weakness had passed. She had work to do. She put the car in gear and again became part of the creeping current of the crowded road. It was with a dead man beside her that she finished the agonizing drive to Bruges.

She arrived on May 18, 1940, after more than 24 hours on the road.

She found Bruges in turmoil. Half the population had fled, the rest were fleeing. The streets were choked with military vehicles. Troops, their faces lined with exhaustion, were everywhere. And the governor, her father, had disappeared. In fact, he had been injured in a collision and sent off to Le Havre.

Alone

Lilliane was left alone to safeguard what remained of her family.

She bundled her mother and father into a small car and headed south along a road more desperately encumbered than that to Alois had been.

There was little improvement across the French frontier at Dunkirk. Here Lilliane tried desperately to find some trace of her father, but in vain.

They still pushed southward, floating in the sea of refugees about them.

They continued to Bernay, south of Rouen. They had now been nine days on the road and were 105 miles from their starting point.

The king had "surfended" his country after the capitulation that he might have done if he had gone into exile was a much debated question. But one thing was certain: that his decision left the Germans aghast. Their political plans for

France

West led the king of diamonds. In this situation, it is normal practice—and usually best defence—to open a trump, but West just didn't have one of those cards to lead.

East played low. He did not want to force declarer, and West made the brilliant shift to the ace of hearts. South won with the ace, led a trump to dummy's queen and played the jack of diamonds.

West won this trick, and led a second heart which East ruffed. East led the king of clubs and West signalled with the ten, whereupon East under-led his ace.

Now West gave his partner another heart ruff for the sixth defensive trick.

East got out with the ace of clubs which South ruffed, and since South was down to trumps he had to lose a trick to East's jack.

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THE POSITION OF CHILDREN IN THE SOVIET UNION TODAY

Mother puts the State before her family

VASSILY was not really conscious that he had a father or mother—or even what those words meant—until he was six or seven years old. A few days after his birth he and his twin sister Natasha were put in the care of the creche attached to his mother's factory. A few weeks later she was back at work, leaving the children at the creche at eight o'clock and collecting them at five, in time to get them their supper and put them to bed.

Practically, Vassily was usually happy at the kindergarten. He was well fed and looked after by well-trained nurses, and enjoyed playing with the other children.

But sometimes he felt lonely, and when he cried the nurse, although kind, was usually too busy to comfort him.

At first he did not remember the face of the woman who came to take him away at night, but as he grew older and understood what she said, he learned that this was his mother.

Vassily's father was a cleverly made and a little old-fashioned. He and his mother would sometimes quarrel over the children being sent to the kindergarten.

His mother justified herself by saying that Russia had lost twenty million people in the war and that the State—a word that soon began to crowd Vassily's young horizon—needed the women's contribution to the national output. From women doctors to bus drivers, from teachers to machine hands.

★ ★ ★

She would always end the quarrel by saying she would rather be a man's equal in every way and a man's work as she did in Russia, than be tied to the kitchen sink as she would be in any other country. Communism and emancipation were her twin slogans.

"Well, if it's emancipation to be a builder's labourer, you can keep it," her husband would reply. "Emancipation—nonsense. They are just making a virtue out of economic necessity."

There is some truth in both their arguments, but the matter-of-fact way in which the broken link between mother and child is accepted—that is something I found disquieting.

When they were seven years old, Vassily and Natasha left the kindergarten for a joint primary and secondary school. Attendance was compulsory and free for the next seven years.

During those seven years Vassily heard his teachers constantly saying, "The system will ensure the social education of the child in all states and turn out fully developed members of Communism society."

A just pride in Russia's tremendous achievements grew in him and he was taught to look up to Lenin and other great Russian leaders as revolution as messengers of the future.

By
JOHN GRIFFITHS

The Russians can, sometimes overcome the impositions of red tape by practical common sense, and an incident told me by a very pretty student teacher illustrates this.

At the end of term she was directed to the Komsomol—the Young Communist League—to work for 44 hours on a building site before taking her holiday.

After only four hours it was obvious that a girl straight from a college desk was not going to be of much more use and might even injure herself, so the foreman packed her off home and jotted down "10 hours labour" in her student record book.

All the same, the whole system is geared to creating men and women who will drop unresistingly into the Socialist pattern. There is in the field of science and technology, original and critical thinking is nearly always discouraged. Naturally this placed greater emphasis on technical education in which the Russians are probably supreme.

★ ★ ★

The starvation of information is most marked among university students and graduates who are eager to weigh the evidence for themselves as they gradually become aware that they are not allowed to see it all.

Vassily was too young to realise yet that he was accumulating information but not being trained to think, to discriminate and to take decisions for himself. Nor did he know that facts and ideas that contradicted Communist assumptions were carefully kept from him through a State-controlled syllabus—and indeed from his teachers, also.

Both Vassily and his sister went on to do a further three years in the secondary part of the school. But only Vassily passed the examinations for university and the world of university increased scholarships and further exams that have to be passed.

★ ★ ★

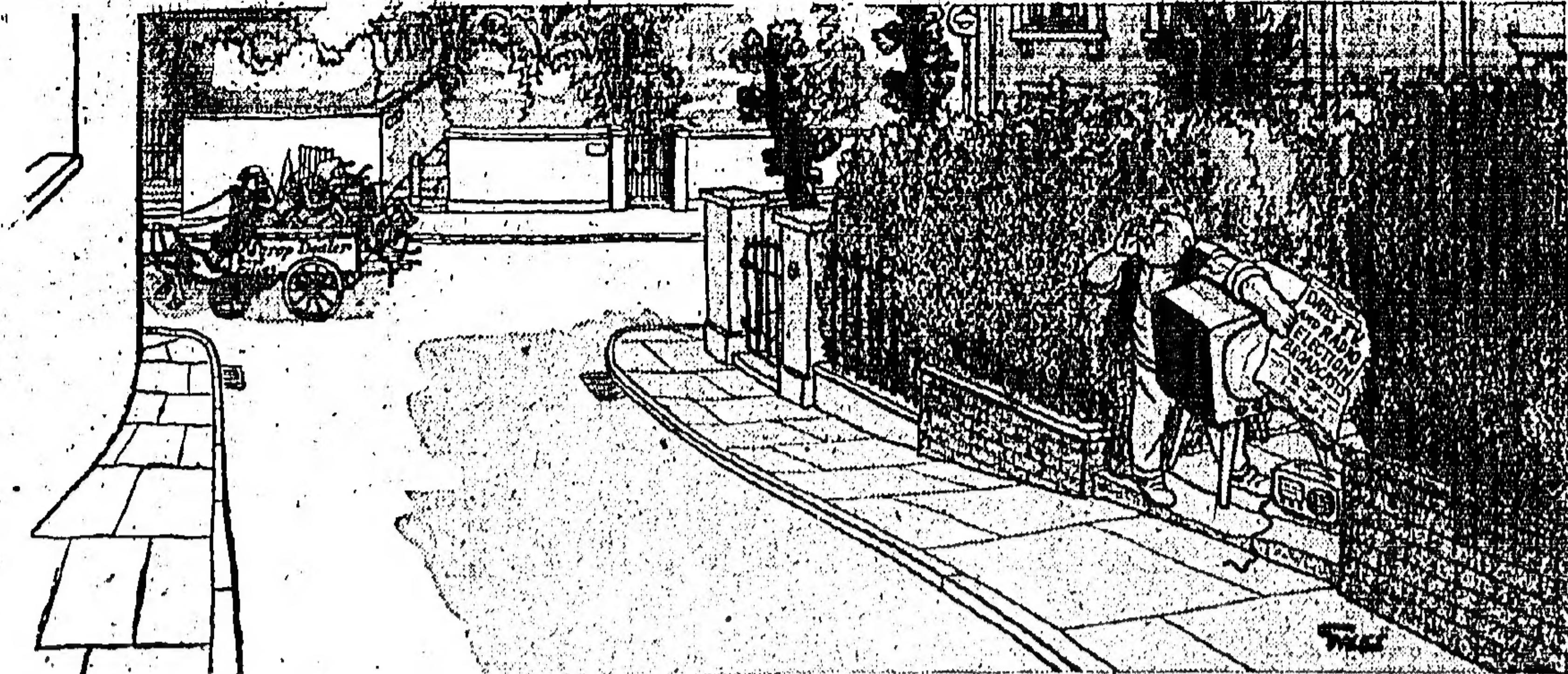
It was in the secondary school that Natasha especially learned the significance of the new education scheme which fulfilled Lenin's aim "to link up, tuition with productive labour."

For three days a week in clinics and two days a week in clinics and two days a week in a factory where she would be employed when she left school. In this way she gained a good acquaintance with the practical aspects of life.

I found that the Russians very proud of this aspect of their educational system—as they were of all of it, and rightly so from the point of technical achievement.

Teachers in Moscow, Leningrad and Minsk, however, were all worried by the possible decline in productive endeavour within this division of labour right cause.

As one of them put it, "There is one sphere in which there is productivity is not the sin, the solution the planners would like it to be."



"PSST!"

London Express Service

Confusion, chaos at dawn

IT was September 1, 1953. Newspapers carried banner headlines announcing rapid Japanese military advances across China. Tucked away in a corner of one of the inside pages was a brief item: "Forecast: Light westerly winds, freshening to a gale from the north to north-east. Fair at first, cloudy with rain and squalls later."

This forecast was the harbinger of the most destructive typhoon ever to strike Hongkong. It left behind 11,000 dead, and over 40 ships in the harbour in distress.

Hongkong had never experienced anything like it before and is unlikely to again—although of course the possibility remains.

The Colony experienced a wild, sleepless night. After the typhoon struck there followed four hours of fantastically high winds—one gust was unofficially registered at 180 m.p.h.—which ripped off house roofs, wiped out a complete village, disrupted communications and tossed ocean-going liners about the harbour as if they were small sampans.

CONFUSION

When dawn broke everywhere was confusion and chaos, utter and complete.

A record of the typhoon kept at the Royal Observatory says: "This was probably Hongkong's worst typhoon, for although the highest hourly wind has been exceeded on several occasions, the maximum pressure (950.4 mb. at m.s.l.) are the most extreme on record. Certainly Hongkong has never before or since suffered such extensive damage."

Early reports depicted heavy loss of life and millions of dollars worth of minor damage. As it proved, this was unfortunately the case.

For nearly 24 hours there was no contact with the New Territories. Then new headlines were made.

TIDAL WAVE

"Tidal Wave Hits Taipo—Entire Village Wiped Out In Night of Terror,"—the headlines and postmen screamed. Still stunned by the effects of the storm around them, the townspeople were further astonished to learn that a tidal wave of gigantic proportions had swept through a small fishing village near Taipo, called Taipo Hui.

Not a building in the village was left standing, and more than 200 people had either been swept to sea or drowned when caught under the wreckage of their homes.

One of the first persons to get to the village, recounted how he had seen a huge pile of corpses, numbering at least 100, under the wreck of the Taipo Bridge. Evidently, he said, they had been caught there as the flood waters had receded.

Only a few miles away at Taipo Market, Police and all the able-bodied were feverishly working to clear wreckage, hoping to find survivors, but there were few. For the evening of the 31st, more than 100 bodies had been found and laid out for identification. It was estimated that at least a hundred more had been swept out to sea.

Most of the people of the village of Taipo Hui were fishermen, and many of them had come ashore from their sampans and junks hoping to escape the ravages of the storm they knew was on the way.

Back in town it was the same. Loss of life was high, and damage was immense.

Before and during typhoons there is rain. From 10.30 p.m. on the evening of the first, until 7.00 a.m. on the second, just over five inches fell.

Raging currents, washing down hillsides, sliced away trees and small buildings, silencing them over

roads, blocking the majority in the Peak district.

In the harbour, which was quite busy at the time, ships were grounded, a number sank, and the local junk population were decimated.

The enormous tidal wave that washed away Taipo Hui, sank practically all of the Shauauk fishing fleet. One correspondent, piecing together the story from information he had gleaned from people who had seen the tidal wave, said: "A tidal wave more than six feet high, rose in Tolo Bay harbour shortly before 3 a.m. Thursday, September 2, swept down the entire length of the inlet, devastated the Shauauk fishing fleet (more than 100 junks) and sank (and) washed out Taipo Old Market, after which it continued for a quarter of a mile inland."

HURTLED

More than 40 big ships were in difficulties after a wild night of furious winds. The Royal Observatory's anemometer, broke after registering a gust at 130 m.p.h. It was only built to register up to 125 m.p.h.

Many still remember the wild fury of a Chinese ship, the An Lee. Caught in a 100 m.p.h. gust, she broke anchor and began to career around the harbour. Two warships HMS Suffolk and HMS Diamond got to her, but still the An Lee continued.

She finally hurtled stern-first into a section of the pier, and there she came to rest. Next morning, only her stern could be seen sticking high in the air, with her bows well under water.

From the mid-level Peak district, the fire was described as an "awo-inspiring sight" by residents who saw it. Flames shot high into the lashing rain and wind, and the entire area was bathed in the ruddy glow.

As the fire grew worse, the water in the ground floors rose

higher and higher. Fighting through the debris of fallen beams and walls, the firemen were later supported by policemen who arrived on the scene.

One policeman said that it would be difficult to estimate the number of people who died in the fire, as the bodies of the victims were washed out of the buildings by the high tide. It was known that at least 20 people lost their lives. At 9 a.m. the fire was still smouldering.

It was later described as one of the most spectacular blazes in the history of the colony.

When the storm died down, reports filtered into newspaper offices, and here are some of them, dramatic, funny and tragic:

AWE-INSPIRING

Some 15 other ships were aground or in grave danger of sinking. But death on the sea was not as heavy as had been reported.

On the Island, one of the most spectacular fires in living memory at the time, broke out on the waterfront, which was caused by a short circuit. Water had found its way into the ground floor of one of the buildings when the tide had risen causing the blaze.

For five hours at the height of the storm, police and firemen

of the fireman's brigade fought the blaze, waist-deep in water. Just after 2 a.m. when the number 10 typhoon signal was raised, a fire alarm went out from Connaught Road west.

Flames gusts of wind fanned the conflagration into one building, sweeping to the next. When it was eventually extinguished the next morning, 10 buildings had been completely gutted.

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A small junk was found on the tramlines after being lifted over the Gloucester Road b

ound by huge waves.

Following the flooding of the railway tracks in Kowloon, a number of enterprising Chinese were seen scooping fish out of pools of water. In Nathan Road many catches of live fish were still being made late on the morning of September 2.

Among these was one colourful fish several feet long, of a type unfamiliar to Hongkong waters, which had evidently been swept along with the typhoon for many miles.

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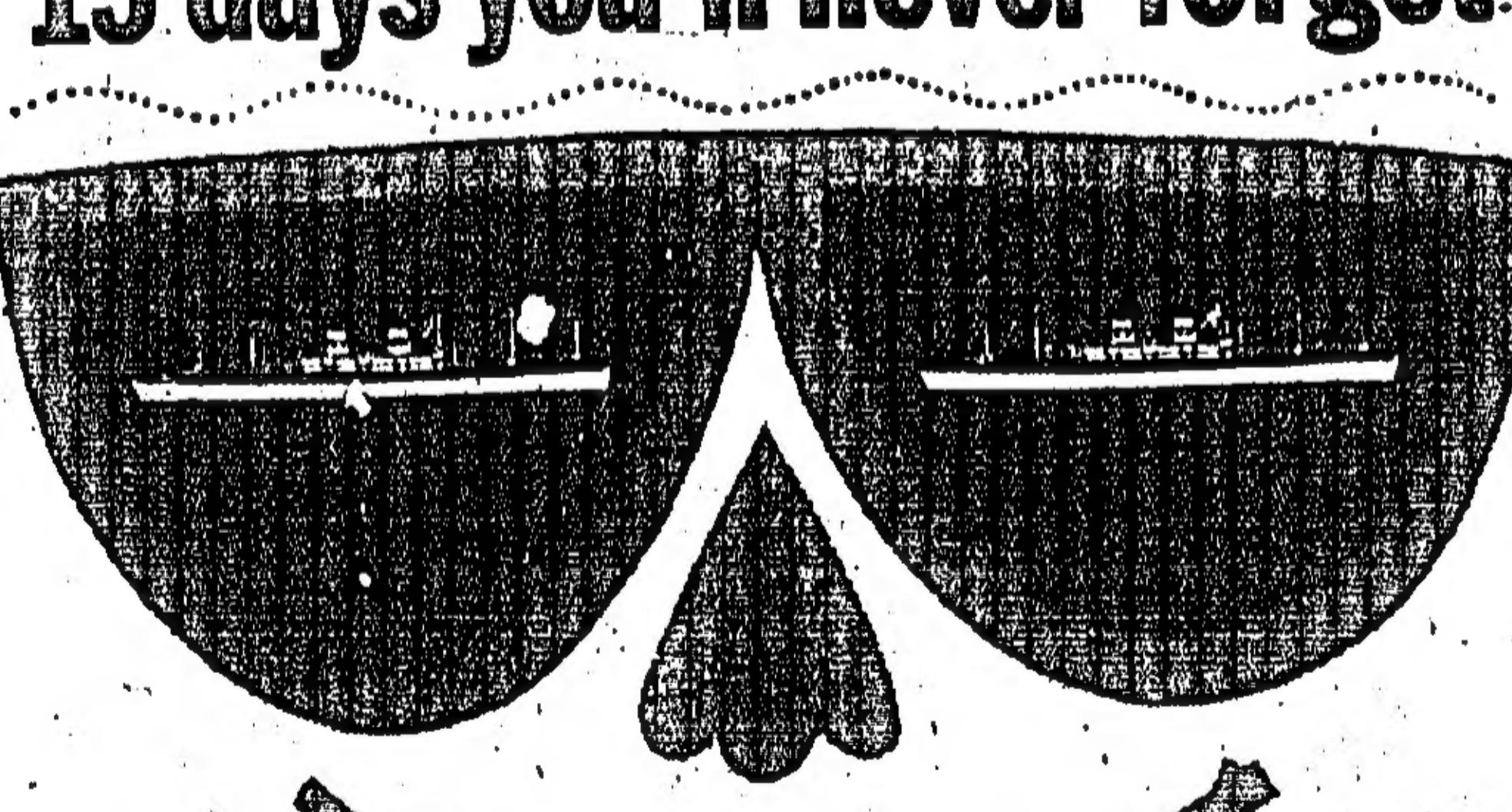
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For five hours at the height of the storm, police and firemen

13* days you'll never forget



These will be the days spent cruising the seas of the Orient aboard the luxurious, completely air-conditioned SS PRESIDENT CLEVELAND or SS PRESIDENT WILSON.

From Hong Kong to Kobe, Yokohama, Manila and back again, you'll relax in matchless comfort. Spend sunny hours at deck sports and swimming. Long, cool evenings at parties, movies and dancing.

The children! Bring them along. Each ship has a fully equipped nursery and playroom.

See your Travel Agent today. Round-trip fares: First Class from US\$236, baggage allowance 350 lbs.; Economy Tourist from US\$170, baggage allowance 250 lbs. Sea/Air combinations available.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

Trans-Pacific Round the World

BOOK SPACE NOW ON THESE SAILINGS:
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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND . . . NOVEMBER 14
PRESIDENT WILSON . . . DECEMBER 11

* Number of days required varies. See your Travel Agent for an AFL schedule.

ST. GEORGE'S BLDG. - 7 CONNAUGHT RD. - HONG KONG



"That rambling noise? Oh, it's just Foster Dulles turning in his grave..."

London Express Service

★ ★ ★ WEEK-END WOMANSENSE ★ ★ ★

Anne Scott-James
presenting the MAN-MADE WOMAN

PICTURE BY DAVID OLINS
A man's good tailoring on a woman's curves makes a suit which is sheer good news. Of chestnut brown tweed by Dior (London) at Harrods. The fox fur bushy is the hat of the season.

This season's subtlest engineering job puts new shape into your superstructure!

LOOK out, lady, there's a man behind you! For the first season since the sack slopped its way to fame, there's a man making your suit, a man padding your shoulders, a man tearing the herringbone tweed off his back to provide your autumn dress.

Ask me to pinpoint the most suit at night, it should practically stand up alone. The old clothes were "run up." The new clothes are "built."

It's a big year for the tailor. I don't mean for a moment that the new clothes are square, hard, or military, or designed for female battleaxes in the skies.

They are designed for the right curves, and they are made in supple materials, but they are constructed with a man's technique.

HIDDEN

IN a dressmaker suit, most of the work is in the cutting and machine sewing.

In a man-tailored suit, all the vital work goes on under the surface, and magnificent workmanship is often hidden by the silk lining.

All the detail stitching is done by hand and based on a canvas frame. Padding is often used. Steaming and ironing are a major tailoring process. When you take off a tailored over.



A DEFT PIECE OF LARCENY—THE TWEED IS STRAIGHT OFF HER HUSBAND'S BACK.

WHEN A BABY IS A STAR TURN

NEWER than an elopement, smarter than an Oscar, the latest gimmick for a film star is a baby.

For purposes of publicity, the primm is mightier than the Cadillac.

Just having a baby is not enough, of course. It might not be noticed. A shrewd star will develop some extraordinary form of child welfare, such as feeding it peanuts at birth, or training it as a torch singer at six.

This has been a good week for news of the film-star babies.

Portland Mason (10) cannot make up her mind whether or not to accept the part of

The Jarman Masons' pet theory has always been to treat her as an adult and let her make her own decisions.

"I don't think she will take the part," said Mrs. Mason. "She feels she is too young. Lolita was 12. But she is very anxious about it."

Mickey Hartley (8 months), son of Joyce Randolph, has been hitting the high spots at

Blackpool, being photographed against the illuminations. "We thought everyone would just love to see him," said his father, holding him aloft for the crowd to admire.

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Your financial position ought to be reviewed; at present you seem to have more outgoing than income, which must inevitably lead to insolvency.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A very talented person who lacks the necessary confidence needs your encouragement.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Do not jump impulsively into a venture no matter how attractive it may seem; you might only regret it later.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): At a gathering tonight you will derive unexpected pleasure from the spontaneous good spirit prevailing.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A meeting of friends which was planned to celebrate an anniversary will fall flat due to an important member having been called away suddenly.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): On receiving a telephone call from a visiting relative you should arrange a party on the spur of the moment, and it will come off with a bang.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): You will be relieved to learn that a heavy responsibility which you bear and don't particularly relish will be removed from you.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): You will have the time and opportunity today to visit an out-of-the-way place which you have been longing to see for a long time.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Don't let trifles upset you unduly; in a few weeks you will look back and fall to understand why you worried so much.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named JUDITH may have some special significance.

When it's important to look your very best...



Touch-and-Glow is the make-up for you

You'll never look "over-made-up"...your skin will glow with the softness of candlelight...and this is the perfect look! Use the liquid alone for a dewy look...add matching loose powder for a translucent matte finish.

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

COMPLEXION MATCHED SHADES OF LIQUID MAKE-UP AND LOOSE POWDER.

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Look
your loveliest

Knights Castle

TOILET SOAP



MANY a lady's handbag or man's pocket is bulging these days with some kind of inhaler. There is a tremendous sale for them among the world's asthmatics.

Most of these inhalers have one common ingredient; they contain adrenalin in one form or another. The question is: are these nasal sprays harmful and, if so, what organs are likely to suffer?

There is a delicate lining to all the myriad of passages in the lung which may become very annoyed by having to live in an atmosphere of adrenalin vapour. If the annoyance continues the patient may develop a chronic bronchitis in addition to the asthma for which the spray is being used.

Emergencies

On the whole, these sprays are best kept for emergencies only. If you are due to address a learned audience on some subject about which you are feeling rather shaky and the prospect suddenly sets up an attack of asthma, a few puffs from your inhalation machine may do a lot of good.

It can also be used when your supply of tablets is exhausted, or if a further supply is not available. Don't get into the habit of using a spray as a regular routine.

Sprays are being used for another complaint: asthma. The risks of getting unhappy side-effects are fortunately less because hay fever is a seasonal complaint. Sufferers generally lose their sprays after the harvest and never think about them until the next year, so the problem starts all over again.

There are still several old-fashioned drugs used in inhalation form. The commonest are camphor and Epsom's balsam.

Dissolved in hot water and inhaled, they make a nice refreshing smell and the patient with a bunged-up nose and sinus feels that he is doing something for himself—which is probably their chief use.

FEMINASCOPE FINDS OUT

HOW YOU CAN COLLABORATE—AND STAY MARRIED

A COUPLE who collaborated on a musical play and still managed to stay married are Nina and Jimmy Thompson, who wrote the words and music for "The Quiz Kid," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

"The collaboration," says wife Nina, "was not to put it mildly, amicable. Happy collaboration between two people, no matter how in tune they are, is an idea."

"Jimmy and I are so different, you see. He's a gregarious, likes lots of atmosphere. I'm precise, practical, factual, and like to write everything down and number it."

"Jimmy invents the characters and then they create the situation. I get a situation and have to think of a character to fit it."

"And when we've got the characters, the trouble starts. I usually had my best ideas at six o'clock in the morning. As Jimmy is incapable of thinking at all in the morning, I used

"SOLDIERS AND THE CHEMISTRY OF LOVE

"THE Guardsman's bear-skin, the Highlander's sporran, and the field-marshals' plumes are all sex symbols," zoologist Dr Charles Goodhart told the British Association recently. So Feminascope put the point to the soldiers—

The bear-skin is a sex symbol! "I feel that every animal has its sex symbol," said the Household Guardsman.

"I honestly never thought of it as such," said the brigadier-major.

"In fact, now I am thinking about it I should say exactly

"(London Express Service)

the opposite. Any woman who can even recognise a man under a bearskin must be extremely clever."

The Highlander's sporran is a sex symbol?

"I've got four," said Sir Compton Mackenzie. "But I don't think they're sex symbols, you know. The sporran wasn't made to excite women. It is just like a handbag."

The field-marshals' plumes are sex symbols?

"That's it," said Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery. "I don't know. Never heard of such a thing. I don't want to say anything about it."

(London Express Service)

Like Her Grandma
By GAY PAULEY

SHADES of the gaslight era. Today's chic bride wears a wedding dress copied right from grandma's day.

Unpressed pleats "cascade" into short trains. Other full-length dresses have smooth-fitting, figure-modelling fronts with high-waisted waistlines and Watteau-style flounces. One of this Watteau's greatest features: four tiers of Swiss organdy sweeping from just below the bust to the neck into a train.

Embroidery, a major trend in daytime fashions this year, runs through the bridal collections also. Eyelid embroidery trims the scalloped, five-tier skirt of one gown in Swiss organdy.

And to provide that back interest, one enormous skirted number has a back flounce edged in applique.

"Fashion trends generally affect bridal gown styles," said Hamburger. "Paris has been looking back...look at how full and bell sleeves and capes have been revived."

"Today's bride, looking back, adorns her own mother's era—but mother probably was married during the depression years. But her grandmother's was a happy time...so she copies from it."

Lining fabrics are organdies, organzas and taupes. For fall, silk is traditional, but Hamburger said there is a growing popularity for silk posey de soie—which actually is becoming a year-round fabric.



Look
your loveliest

Knights Castle

TOILET SOAP



BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK came to a close on Sunday with a stirring parade and then a church service. Seen here are some of the week's highlights. ABOVE—Mr C. B. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government, takes the salute during the parade at Statue Square; LEFT—Mr and Mrs Burgess (left) chat with Mrs P. D. Holder, wife of the Air Officer Commanding, during a cocktail party at the Hongkong Jockey Club; RIGHT—the standard of No. 28 Squadron is brought into St John's Cathedral for the special service by (l-r) Sgt T. Davine, Flight Lt D. A. Stevenson and Sgt M. N. Mitchell.



ABOVE: Max Tailleur, fast-talking comedian from the Netherlands, seen clowning with a rickshaw and a pretty friend at the Star Ferry concourse recently. He was in the Colony for a short rest.



ABOVE: Mrs R. O. Hall, wife of the Bishop of Hongkong, seen opening the St Peter's Church clinic at Castle Peak on Sunday.



ABOVE: Pretty Miss Wijin Yoo, first Korean woman magazine journalist ever to come out of her country, relaxes after a luncheon in her honour at the American Club last week with her hosts, Mr and Mrs Andrew J. Steelman. She is here on a short visit gathering material for a series of articles on women in Asia for her magazine.



ABOVE: Mr K. C. Wong explains his painting technique at an exhibition of his work held at the British Council recently.



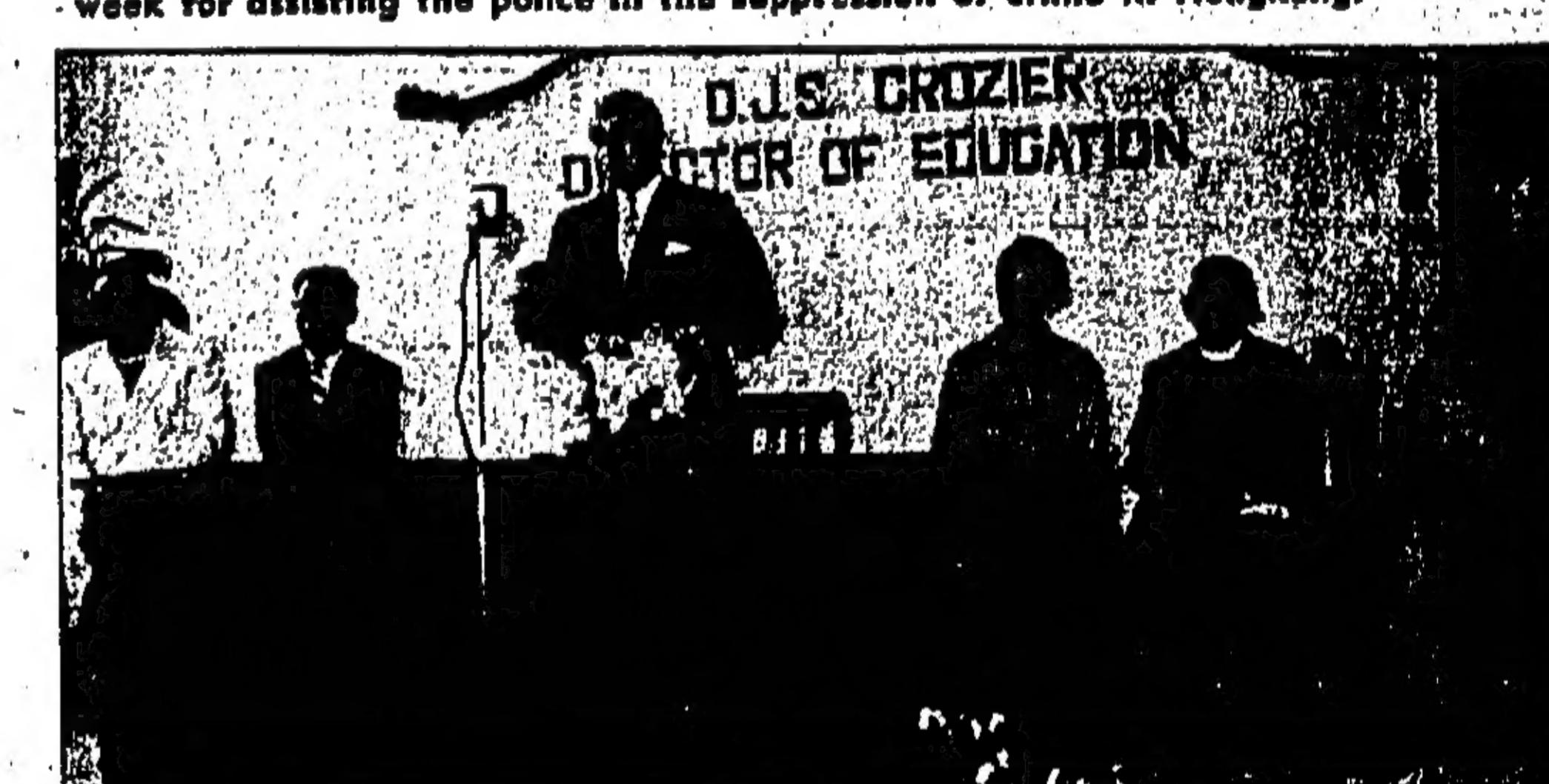
ABOVE: Mr H. W. E. Heath, Commissioner of Police, is seen with the 24 Chinese residents who received from him letters of appreciation and monetary awards this week for assisting the police in the suppression of crime in Hongkong.



ABOVE: Mr Hin-shing Lo gives a speech during the inaugural meeting of the Federation of Clansmen's Associations of Hongkong, held last week at the Kwong Chow Restaurant.



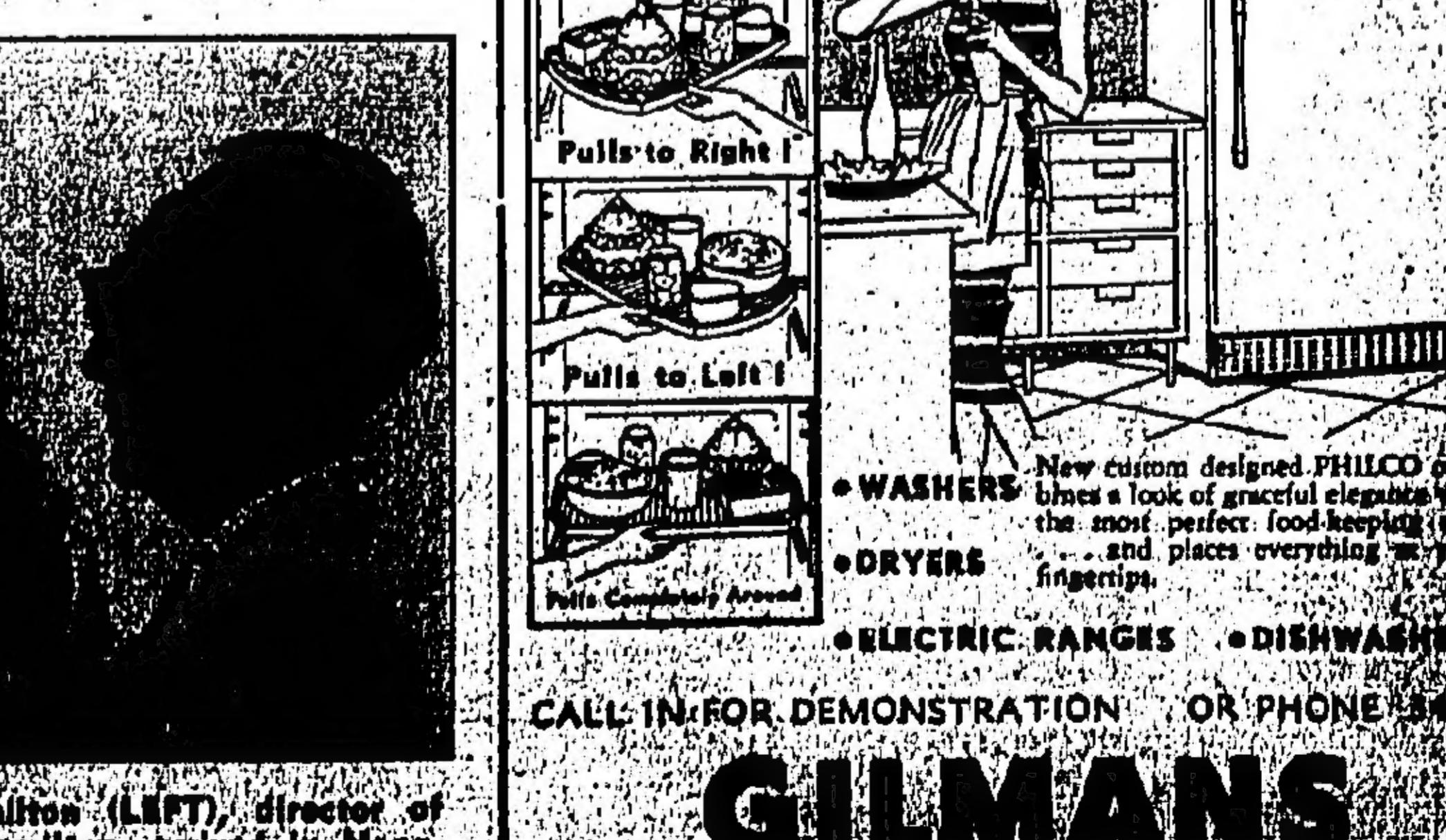
ABOVE: Miss Irene Sung (right) and Miss Phoebe Tsu seen at Kai Tak Airport shortly before their departure for the United States to further their studies.



ABOVE: Mr D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, giving a speech during the opening of the St Peter's Church School in Aberdeen recently. Seen (l-r) are: Rev. Fr. C. Voth, Mr C. Y. Tse, Rt. L. Mencharini, Mr Crozier, Miss C. Crozier, Rev. Fr. T. Ryan, and Miss J. A. Shewan.



ABOVE: Mr Tan Khout-siong (left), Chief Manager of the Chiyu Banking Corp., presents a trophy to Mee Yau-fai after the annual Chinese Bankers' Club swimming gala held at the Victoria Park Pool recently.



New PHILCO Pull-Out "LAZY SUSAN" SHELF



• WASHERS • DRYERS • ELECTRIC RANGES • DISHWASHERS

CALL IN FOR DEMONSTRATION OR PHONE 511111

CHILMANS

SHOWROOM: 150 QUEEN'S ROAD EAST

OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of jewelled watches for ladies

★ ★ ★

The watch world has learned to trust. Some day you will own one of...

BUY ONLY FROM AUTHORISED RETAILERS

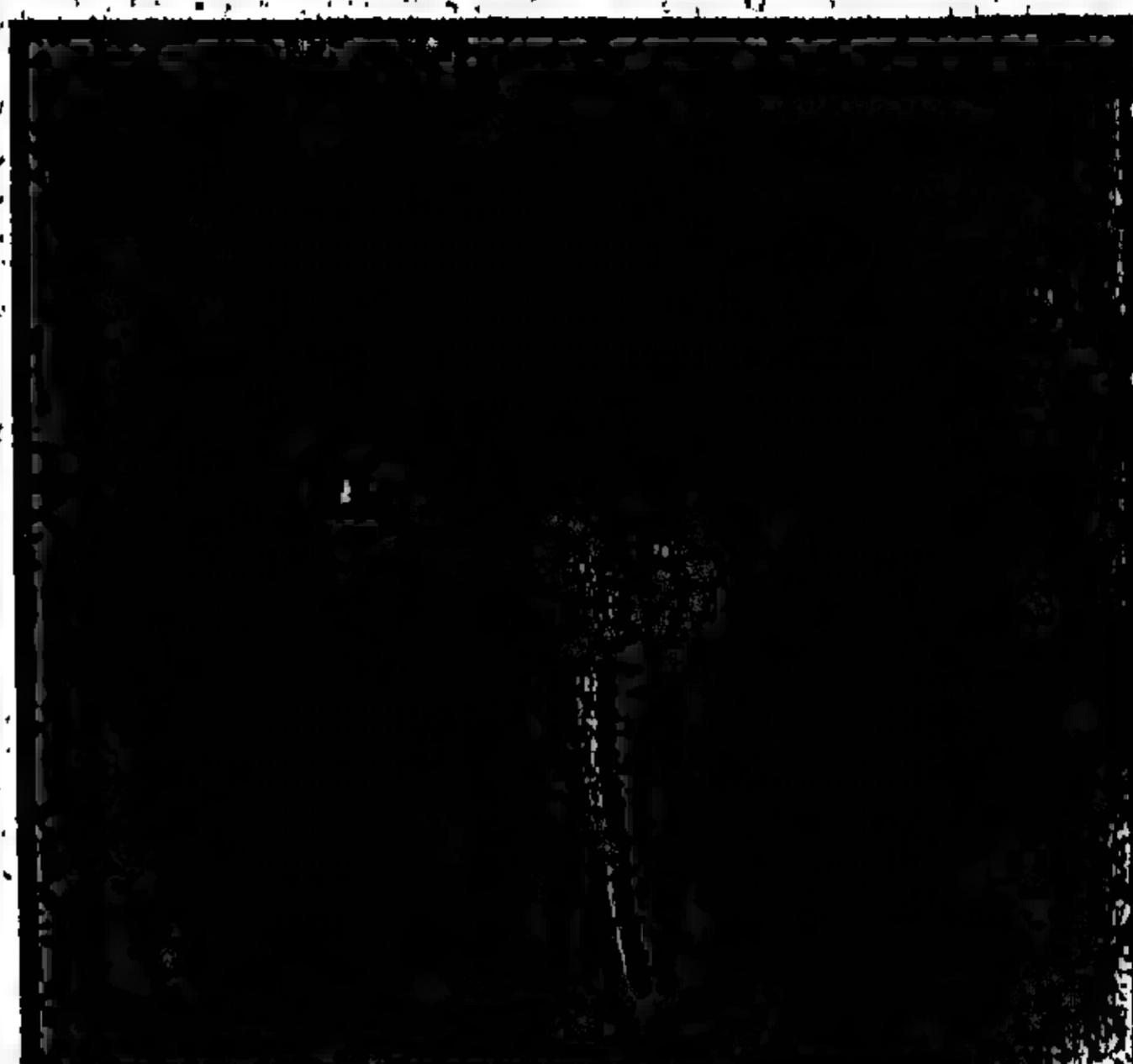
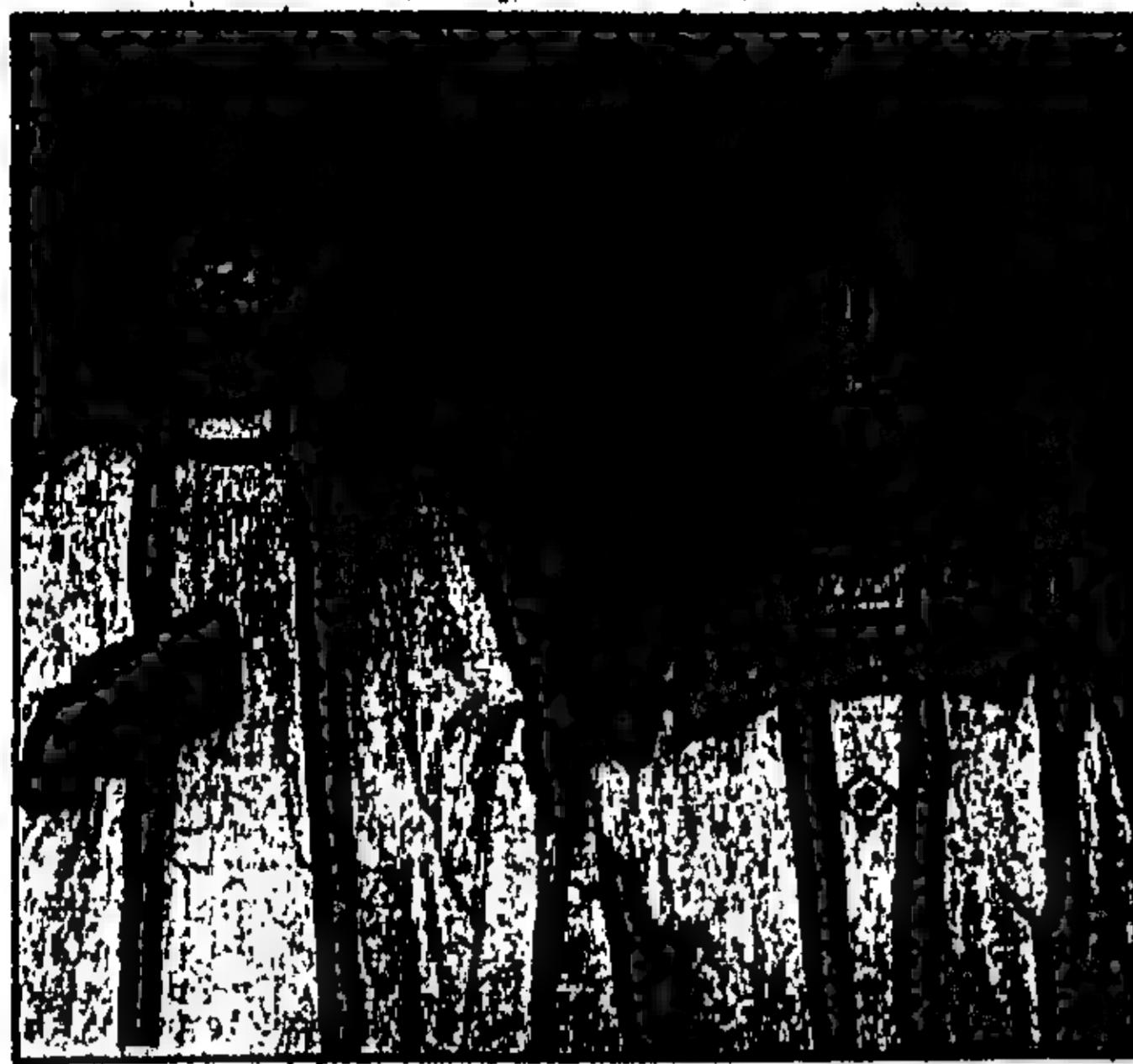
Swiss Apparatus Co. Ltd. OMEGA • Tudor



ABOVE: Mr Patrick Hamilton (left), director of Lloyd's Bank, and Lady Hamilton, arrived in Hongkong recently in the course of a world tour. Sir Portia, Lady Hamilton's son, Mr H. A. de Barros Botelho and Mrs M. Ferreira.



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LEFT: The Rev. Ernest Fisher (left) was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop R. O. Hall (right) at St. John's Cathedral this week.

ABOVE: Roman Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Lawrence Blanchi, conducted a service to bless the new Church of the Sacred Heart at Soikung, New Territories, recently. Here is a scene of the procession during the rites.

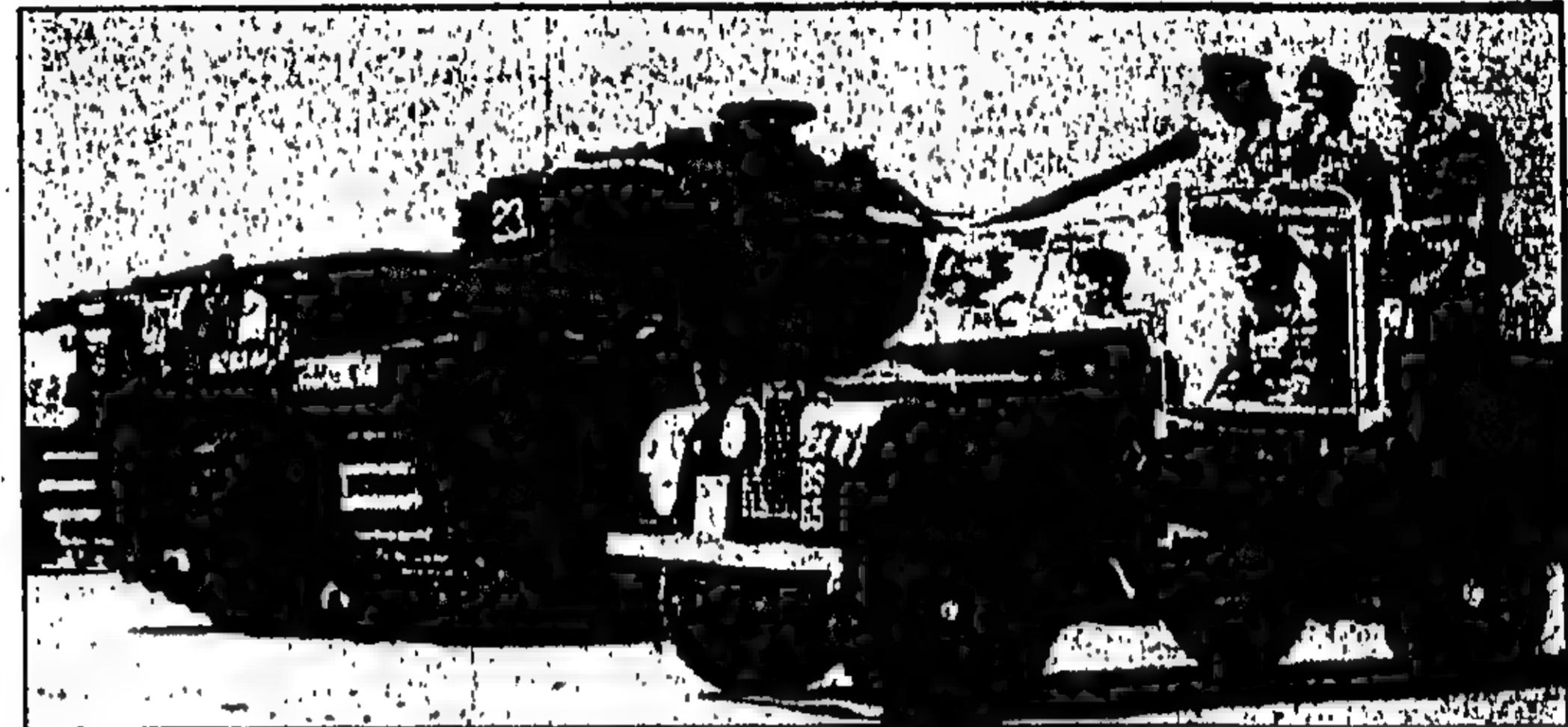
RIGHT: At the Air France cocktail party to meet Mr A. J. Anderson, the airline's new sales officer in Hongkong (l-r): Mr William Wright, Mr. Alain de Bousmane and Mr Anderson.



ABOVE: At a Chinese Manufacturers' Association banquet for Executive and Legislative Councillors recently (l-r): Mr H. D. M. Barton, Mr Ngan Shing-kwan, Mr C. E. M. Terry and Mr Fung Ping-fan.



ABOVE: Things Chinese sold well this week, when almost 300 Australian tourists came ashore from the liner Kanimbla for a three-day visit. Seen are Mrs C. C. Morgan (centre) and Mrs D. M. Langford (right) debating the merits of Chinese blackwood furniture in a Kowloon shop.



ABOVE: Major General J. D'Arcy Anderson, Director, Royal Armoured Corps in the War Office (standing in jeep, 1st left), inspects the new Centurion tanks of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment at Sek Kong recently.



ABOVE: Airmailed from Singapore, this picture shows Mr Yan Man-leung giving a speech at the recent opening of the Exhibition of Hongkong Products in Singapore, sponsored by the Chinese Manufacturers' Association.



ABOVE: After holding a small bazaar on their own initiative, these six children collected \$127.50, to which Mr Billy Tingle added an identical amount. The other day they presented the money to the Society for the Protection of Children. The children are (l-r) Rita Burrows, Philippe Arrigo, Christine Fars, Dermot McMeekin. Mrs Marie Taylor is at the back.



ABOVE: Mrs. C. B. Burgess (centre) chats with a student during her recent visit to the Ho Tung School for Girls in Causeway Bay. Mr. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, is on left.



ABOVE: Seen at the speech day of the St James Settlement Auto and Electrical Classes this week (l-r): Rev. D. Croary, Mr. G. R. Sneath and Mrs. J. W. Foster.



ABOVE: Master Robert Boardman, and an old friend, Mr. E. E. Wallwork, when he left by Air India recently on his return to school in England.



RIGHT: Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Samuel Jones after their wedding at the Kowloon Union Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Barbara McClusky.

LEFT: Mr. Lee Tiong-keng (right), Malayan Ambassador to Japan, seen when he passed through Hongkong en route to Singapore for a holiday. Mr. David Chow, who met him at the Airport, is seen on left.



ABOVE: Crowds of children gather in Hongkong to watch with realization as members of the Auxiliary Fire Service went through a water safety drill. Above: Action exercises in the district recently.

Tonight's Floorshows

FRANKIE FERRER with THE DUPONT MARIONETTES

★ ★ ★ ★

The management takes great pleasure in presenting at a special luncheon for children today & tomorrow, Sunday, 26th September.

The renowned Dupont and their Musical Marionettes. Let them sing & shake hands with T. E. K. the child puppet. Luncheon from 1 p.m. Show starts 1.45 p.m.

First Show, Monday, 27th September, 1.45 p.m.

FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 6810

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

DEE WELLS sends a fabulous shopping list from New York

JUST LOOK AT THE THINGS YOU ARE MISSING

GIVEN a wish-wand to wave, or granted the carte-blanche selectivity of a millionaire maharajah picking a wife, there are some American things and ways I would whisk across the Atlantic to Britain faster than the fastest jet airliner. For instance—

USED CARS at £100 to £200 for models as recent as 1954; and, ideally, one particular 1947 convertible I saw. Admittedly, the upholstery was ripped, the electric window mechanism broken, and one wing a bit bashed in. But at the price of £1 10s, who would argue?

NO MOON?

By CLAIRE COX

NIAGARA FALLS is top of the wedding trip hit parade list.

The magazine's travel experts said the average honeymoon couple spends \$430 on its wedding trip.

Only 7 per cent of all newly-weds do not go on honeymoons, they reported.

The other 93 per cent take trips averaging 12 days, most of them in automobiles.

A Chicago tour director said 95 per cent of honeymooners who visit Niagara Falls these days usually just pass by on their way to another resort.

"We haven't sent anyone to Niagara Falls in years," said Dorsey Richardson, of Thomas Cook & Son's New Orleans office.

A spokesman for the American Society of Travel Agents said:

"Niagara is out and Bermuda is in. All the travel agents and tour operators we've checked already have or are developing honeymoon specials in Bermuda."

The agencies say they're doing comparatively little business with Niagara, although 3 million-odd people still visit Niagara.

Travel agents who arrange accommodation for honeymooners and the honeymoon travel department of a magazine ("Modern Bride") put Bermuda, Pennsylvania, resorts, New York City, Florida and Canada at the

top of the list.

Another wave of my wand would transplant some of America's SUPER ROADS, 12 lanes wide, criss-crossed by flyovers and plunge-throughs.

They swirl round each other at cloverleaf crossings and trace figure-eight loops as gracefully as Sonja Henie in her prime.

IN OILS

Another wave of my wand would transport wholesale the TOY DEPARTMENTS of some of the big stores here.

Just take a peep...

Doll's house furniture in every period from Chipendale to Swedish modern; tiny lamps that really light, refrigerators that refrigerate, washing machines that wash, cars that run on little petrol motors; ranch-type modern dolls' houses that have swimming pools plus fountains that work and Old Master-type oil paintings on the walls.

Now for the housewives:

NEW TYPE FASTENERS that work on the principle of bursaries; same old country bursaries that cling so to stockings, may have hundreds of almost invisible nylon hooks that mesh into tiny loops.

Sausch them together and whatever is fastened stays fastened.

EXOTIC

Over to you too would go some of America's SUPER-MARKETS, stocked to the roof with fresh vegetables and fruit of every edible variety, all of them available all the year round.

Typical current prices: Corn on cob, eight for 2s; peaches 3d, a lb. And there are exotic party things like snails from Burgundy, complete with shells, and frozen chicken cacciatore from Italy, tortillas from Mexico...

Moscow Getting Westernised

REVOLUTION! Women's shoes with heels just as stiletto-spiked and toes just as pointed as in more fashionable cities have appeared in a shop window in Moscow.

You even can buy an eyelash curler of all things, for 15 rubles at sidewalk stands on Gorky Street. Beadtricks with beads and tapered trousers were seen in the Aragon restaurant the other night... and a home-made red sports car is racing around town.

In short, Moscow is becoming Westernised. In fact, it's getting downright jazz. In fact, it's getting downright jazz. Russians talk in circles to deny the trend. But nonetheless Moscow is slowly but perceptibly changing, and this once reeked, mysterious semi-Oriental "forbidden" city may some day have much in common with the capitals of Western countries, for better or worse.

"Our women never will wear such shoes—they don't have feet shaped like that," one Russian husband explained, pointing at my pointed toe shoes when I arrived in Moscow a few months ago.

But one window of GUM, the big department store on Red Square, has women crowded around it six deep these days.

In the window are elegant shoes—blue, pink, sleek black, glittering brocade.

When you inquire inside, the shoes are "made only to order, at 400 rubles (tourist exchange is 10 rubles to the U.S. dollar) up," the cabaret girl says. But at least, they're in the window, and Russian-made. And even those shoes Soviet women are buying especially on the ready-to-wear shelves at \$30 have reasonably narrow heels and slightly pointed toes, quite a change from the usual square, heavily solid footware.

There are so many holes in the "curtains" these days that

BY ALINE MOSBY

the long arm of do-Russianisation can be found in the hotels, and the shops, even on the radio. You can buy soft drinks and cigarettes at sidewalk vending machines. Jazz, once frowned upon, is played in most of the hotel dining rooms. It sounds a little 1930-ish, but it's getting better all the time. Some of the orchestra vocalists even croon popular American songs such as "Autumn Leaves" in English.

Moscow Radio has played the album of "West Side Story," complete with a summary of the plot in Russian, twice recently.

The score of "My Fair Lady" is another starter you can hear sandwiched between the usual setting up exercises and newscasts relating successes of the seven-year plan.

Now that consumer goods are becoming more plentiful, stores are "dressing" their windows. Blow-up photographs of pretty girls, dummies with elaborate wigs, attractive displays of Russian perfumes and lingerie are changing the sidewalk scene.

But the ultimate of the "new look" in the Soviet capital was found in one store window on a side street. It is fashionable for Moscow women to be plump. But there on sale for 30 rubles was a pair of East German-made "white" lace "fetishes".

There are so many holes in

A Round Adventure

—Hanid Walks Inside Of A Bubble—

By MAX TRELL

HANID, the Shadow Girl with the Turned-About Name, had mixed some soap in a cup of water and then, with a white clay pipe, she started blowing bubbles.

The bubbles were beautifully round. The sun glistened on their sides. When Hanid looked carefully she could see the house, the

trees, the sky and even herself reflected in the bubbles.

"It must be like living in a lovely little world," she was saying to herself. And at that moment she turned around to see Mr Merlin, the Magnificent Magician, coming out of the house.

He was wearing a flowing silk gown adorned with moons and stars and planets. He wore a tall, pointed sorcerer's hat.

Mr Merlin had a thin face with sharp bright eyes like candle flame in a dark room.

and bigger. Finally it was as big as Hanid, really enormous bubbles.

"But how can I get inside?" Hanid was about to ask again.

Mr Merlin must have read her thoughts because he said: "Just turn the knob of that door in the bubble and walk right in. There's nothing to it."

There really was nothing to it.

Hand turned the knob of the door. It opened at once. She stepped right inside and it shut right behind her.

"Pleasant trip!" she heard Mr Merlin saying.

It was a curious house. Everything was round. The floor was round. The ceiling was round. The ceiling was round. When Hanid went into the kitchen, she found the knives were round, the table was round, and, of course, the eggs and oranges and the apples were even rounder than usual.

It was a little difficult walking up the stairs because they were all round and Hanid kept slipping down.

Looked Out

She looked out of the round windows.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "The whole world looks round."

And she was right. The whole world is round.

Hand's greatest surprise

came when she looked at her self in a round mirror. She saw that she herself was round, more like a ball than a girl.



Rupert and the Outlaws—36

Rupert struggles up the steep steps until he reaches the top. He is quite out of breath. "I'll just have to take a rest," he says. "I'll be up there if he pushes." "No wonder his Mummy couldn't find him. But where's the big puppy?" "How will I just walk inside?"

Mr Merlin didn't answer her.

He was too busy blowing the bubble. It kept getting bigger.

Illustration by ALICE GIBSON



Picnic Foods Keep Well In New Vacuum Bottles

IT is only very recently, with the development of the vacuum bottle, that we can so easily serve foods hot or very cold on a picnic," observed the Chef.

"In past years, to enjoy hot foods outdoors one had to build a fire. Otherwise, one packed a hot casserole of baked beans, or other foods, in many layers of newspaper, wrapped it in a blanket and sometimes even wrapped with it a hot brick or soapstone.

Refrigerate overnight to Tomorrow's Dinner

Spinach Saladettes
Sesame-Broiled Smoked Ham
Carrot Rounds
Noodles Polonaise
Tomato-Celery Relish
Spicy Plum Compote
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea

Milk

Chilled Foods

"Chilled or frozen foods were wrapped in many layers of newspaper, dampened with cold water. Cold drinks were iced and transported in big jars. Ice cream was packed in a pull of ice and rock salt."

All Measurements Are Level.

Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Orange Broiled Smoked Ham

Order 1 lb. ham, slice tenderized ham 1/4 in. thick for each person, 1 slice for two children.

Ice and rock salt.

Spinach Saladettes

Sesame-Broiled Smoked Ham

Carrot Rounds

Noodles Polonaise

Tomato-Celery Relish

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Milk

SHOW BUSINESS

THE RETURN OF
LINDA CHRISTIAN

For years Linda Christian seemed more concerned with the tinsel life of fast cars and faster millionaires than with moviemaking—but now she is soon to be seen in a new film, *The House of the Seven Hawks*.

Richard Greene beats the TV jinx

AFTER four years lurking in and out of thickets as television's Robin Hood, Richard Greene is returning to film.

His career represents a reversal of the usual procedure. Television stars, for former film stars, usually become the road to no return.

But Mr Greene has returned—in the company of Eva Bartok in a film called *Beyond the Curtain*.

£300 a week

"I get as much money as I was getting in Hollywood at my peak," said Mr Greene.

At his peak he was earning over £300 a week. He does not regret the Hollywood career that failed. "I was only 18 when I started and found myself on a sudden wave of success which I was quite unprepared for."

"If it had gone on I think I would have turned out to be a pretty hollow character," he said.

As it is 41-year-old Mr Greene, his dimpled good looks well preserved, is enjoying a well-filled and well-fed maturity. His house is expensively furnished, his clothes are expensively cut; he owns an Aston-Martin that cost £3,500 and a yacht worth more than £12,000.

Mr Greene is very fond of his yacht. Other actors have their walls decorated with photographs of themselves and

FILM PREVIEW
Edited by THOMAS WISEMAN

Part-time job

"I have noticed," he said, "that my friends become considerably more interested in yachting when I mention gin at £2 10s. a case."

To make yachting for the multitude easier, Mr Greene is intending to go into the manufacture of yachts made out of plastic.

"It will be a part-time occupation," he said. "I believe every actor should have a second job."

In his first post-Robin Hood feature film, Mr Greene will play an airline pilot who rescues Eva Bartok from the hands of the East German police.

"This will not be just a case of rescuing the damsel in distress," explained Mr Greene. "These people are not cardboard figures."

This should ensure that the film cannot be confused with any television series.

Ace Paris stripper Pasqualine Justand flew over

their girl friends. Mr Greene hangs only pictures of his yacht. The room is also well stocked with trophies of the chase around the world under sail.

Unfinished

Julia Lockwood—17-year-old daughter of Margaret Lockwood—went to the Chelsea Embankment for her first love scene in a film called *Please Turn Over*.

For one day's dancing in the Soho strip-club sequence of the film *Beat Girl*. The theatre was full of hired extras all looking like tired businessmen. At the end of a strenuous day, Miss Justand remarked: "I am very weary. The audience was not sympathetic."

Self-control

Sir Michael Balcon is to make a film in Israel based on the Biblical story of Ruth.

"I hope no one will confuse my film with any of the extravagant, flamboyant films of this kind being made at the

moment," he said. "This is not going to be conceived in any exotic fashion."

The love scene was never completed. It seems that the Chelsea Embankment is too noisy for lovemaking these days. They will shoot the scene at Pinewood Studios.

This is going to demand great self-control from Christopher Fry, who is writing the script. The last film he wrote was *Bent*.

Horror films are going soft, it seems. Christopher Lee said: "In The Mummy, I only kill three people—and not in a ghoulish way. I just break their necks."

(London Express Service)

SOPHIA GOES HOME—A STAR

HIGH above the harbour of Capri, in a hotel poised on the very peak of the sheer cliff, I sat the other day with Sophia Loren looking out across a choppy sea towards Naples, where Miss Loren was born.

Though the fare from Naples to the holiday island of Capri is only 10s. od., she had never been there before.

PROBLEM

As a young girl she could never afford the big hotel where she had been a world star. Now she is in Italy with her husband, Carlo Ponti, who has always entailed the risk of arrest on a charge of bigamy.

Signor Ponti had remained in Rome while Miss Loren was working in Capri.

"I hope," said Miss Loren, as we sat on the terrace outside her hotel room, "that things will straighten themselves out."

BROOMSTICK'

As there is no divorce in Italy, Signor Ponti is still legally married to his first wife. Hence the problem.

Actually, Miss Loren had chosen to return at a time when the public prosecutor was on holiday.

In his absence no action could be taken.

At the time, being all too tramped on Capri, the cynical public outcry which would have followed the complete exposure of a world-famous couple's secret would have been

In the back streets of Puzzuoli the boys used to call her by the derisive nickname of "broomstick" because of her skinlessness.

When Miss Loren returned home she was greeted with the awe and respect which film fans invariably feel for cinematic goddesses, even those they used to know as "broomsticks."

DIFFICULT

She was not unhappy. I have never seen anyone look less like a fugitive from justice. And as she spoke of her return to Puzzuoli, the unlovely suburb of Naples where she grew up, there was no trace of nostalgia in her voice.

No trace of sentimental regret at having forsaken the simple Neapolitan life (she means, rather, leaving for the crowded, expensive life of a world-famous movie star) went to Miss Loren.

"I've changed and they haven't. There's no going back. To them I'm no longer a real person—I'm a film star. I know how it is. I used to be like that when I dreamed of being a film star."

Miss Loren looked at me with her large warm eyes.

"Tell me," she said. "I changed, and I do not expect my friends to say nice things about me."

I said yes, she had changed since I first met her four years ago. She had become more discreet, more polished, more conscious of her status.

"GOOD," SHE SAID. "THAT MEANS I'M GROWING UP. NOT SUCH A CHILD ANY MORE."



FONDA... self-critic

Roderick Mann I despise most of my films, says Henry Fonda

I KNEW that Henry Fonda hated Hollywood. He has never made a secret of his contempt for the film city—and the more tawdry trappings of stardom. And, articulate actor that he is, the mediocrity of many of his own pictures genuinely appalls him.

He has made over 60 films. And when I met him over a drink in Mayfair he confessed that he was bitterly critical of all but half a dozen.

Still lean-jived and litho at 54, he relaxed in a light tan suit and sipped a gin-and-tonic.

Bitter pride

"I'm not a Boy Scout," he said. "I say what I think. And the truth is I despise most of the films I've made. Even talking about them embarrasses me."

"But you've made some great pictures," I said.

"One or two. And they never did any business. Look at *Twelve Angry Men*—which I produced. I was proud of that. It won awards all over the world. But nobody went to see it. And, because it was a flop, I found myself rated bad box-office. A man like Bill Holden

can have an occasional flop and get away with it. But not me, apparently."

He fingered his glass, chill with ice-cubes.

"I've had successes, of course.

Like Mr Roberts. But I despised that film. It was ruined by its co-director, John Ford. I had

played the title role on Broad-

way for four years so I know about it. Ford didn't. So he made a terrible picture.

The escape

"Then there was *Peace and Love*. When I first agreed to do it the script by Irwin Shaw was fine. But what happened?

The director, King Vidor, used to go home at night with his wife and rewrite it. All the genius of Tolstoy went out of the window. Inevitably, it was a disaster."

"What about your most re-

cent film with Leslie Caron,

The Man Who Understood Women?

Fonda stared hard at his drink, revolving the ice slowly around inside the glass.

"I haven't seen it yet, but my wife has. She hated it. So I don't know what to think."

"I live in New York now."

He went on: "And if I never saw Hollywood again I wouldn't worry. It's a sterile community—and when I left in 1947 to do a New York play I was delighted. I stayed away for seven years, and if there were enough plays on Broadway to keep me busy I'd never go back at all."

He finished his drink and got up. For the first time he smiled.

"Let's hope there are a lot of plays," he said.

Offer declined

In the new Ava Gardner picture *The Fair Bride*—set in Spain during the Civil War—there is an American journalist, called Hawthorne.

The character is based on Ernest Hemingway, who, of course, was in Spain during that unhappy time.

The other day the film's director, Mr Nunally Johnson, had an idea. The character was based on Hemingway—so why not invite the great man to play the part?

An emissary was despatched to Madrid to barge the grizzly one in his hotel. And, in the bar, the idea was put to him.

"Listen," rumbled Hemingway. "I haven't become an actor yet. It's difficult enough being a writer."

"But the part was specially written into the film with you in mind," said the emissary.

"In that case," growled Hemingway, "I'll sue."

The emissary stalled for time. " Didn't Darryl Zanuck once offer you a part in a film?"

"He did," said Hemingway. "AND I told him what to do with it."

Hemingway's wife, Mary, had the last word. As the emissary prepared to leave she whispered: "Tell him, you couldn't persuade him. Actually he's a natural-born actor!"

Solution

The royal premiere to Sam Goldwyn's film, version of *Porgy and Bess*, has been postponed, as reported, because the Queen now cannot attend, but simply because there is no theatre to take it.

Indeed, after the Queen had agreed to attend the charity premiere the film's makers found themselves in a spot. They had announced the date—November 2—and they had chosen the theatre—the Dominion. It had to be the Dominion because that is one of the only cinemas in London equipped to show films in Todd-AO and big enough to cope with a large charity performance.

But the film running at the Dominion—South Pacific—did not come off as expected. So Sam Goldwyn found himself stuck with a royal premiere and nowhere to hold it.

Understandably, nobody was more delighted to hear the news of the Queen's baby—and of her subsequent cancelling of engagements—than Mr Goldwyn.

Porgy and Bess is now scheduled for next year.

Genius

I said yes, she had changed since I first met her four years ago. She had become more discreet, more polished, more conscious of her status.

"GOOD," SHE SAID. "THAT MEANS I'M GROWING UP. NOT SUCH A CHILD ANY MORE."

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7-YEAR GUARANTEE

As a young girl she could never afford the big hotel where she had been a world star. Now she is in Italy with her husband, Carlo Ponti, who has always entailed the risk of arrest on a charge of bigamy.

But the other week, Miss Loren, who is not easily intimidated, was back in Italy with her husband—to whom she was married by proxy in Mexico.

As there is no divorce in Italy, Signor Ponti is still legally married to his first wife. Hence the problem.

Actually, Miss Loren had chosen to return at a time when the public prosecutor was on holiday.

In his absence no action could be taken.

At the time, being all too tramped on Capri, the cynical public outcry which would have followed the complete exposure of a world-famous couple's secret would have been

AN ASTONISHING COMBINATION . . . JACK THE RIPPER AND THE OUTSIDER

Mr. Wilson wins his toughest battle

BEHIND his spectacles the author's big mild eyes shone avidly as we set out on our tour of the Whitechapel murder sites.

Through the darkness the lights glittered from the East End's jellied-eel stalls. On grey walls the posters announced important local wrestling contests for the coming autumn.

But our little party, led by the author, was not concerned with the autumn of 1959.

As we set off down Berners Street towards the London docks we were back in the early autumn of 1888. When timid long-bearded Jews fled from Russian pogroms, jostled in the trades throughout the East End.

And when fear of a man with a knife lingered in the warm nights throughout August and September.

The author who led us was young Mr Colin Wilson, now 27, the man who wrote *The Outsider*.

And the subject of our night tour was something which has obsessed Mr. Wilson since the autumn of 1958: the brief and memorable East End career of Jack the Ripper.

Long essay

Unless you are very well up in your Wilson that obsession may surprise you.

Look, for example, at his latest book *THE AGE OF DEFEAT*, published recently (Collins, 16s.).

It does not deal with mass murder at all. Like Wilson's first book, *The Outsider*, it is a long essay of complaint about the ideals of our age. It argues that modern novels and films and radio programmes are too concerned with the ordinary weak, unsuccessful man. A praiseworthy exception according to Wilson—Room at the Top.

For the true hero, says Wilson, should be a man who does his damndest to shape his own life to fate.

The Age of Defeat is intelligent, provocative. I do not blame its publishers for being proud of it.

But I must also report that the book does not excite any special pride in Wilson. His hopes of fame are based on quite a different kind of book—one which has secretly dominated the whole Colin Wilson story.

Do you remember the outlines of the Wilson story?

It began just after Christmas 1955 when two out-of-work young men in different parts of London got rush jobs with the Post Office. Within a few months both were famous. One was John Osborne. The other was Colin Wilson.

On television Wilson, showing calmly at a year, told the nation about his book, *The Outsider*.

But the book which really interested him was his half-finished novel (title: *Ritual in the Dark*) in which a series of murders very like Jack the Ripper's occur in modern London.

For the Ripper fascinated him. His first London excursion when he came from his working-class home in Leicester had been a cycle-trip to the area of operations in Whitechapel.

Angry critics

Then, after Wilson's first daze of success, there were trouble months. The critics accused him of that their opinion of *The Outsider* had made Wilson more famous than himself. He fell angrily on his second book of essays.

There were private troubles too. Mr. John Stewart, a Bedford accountant, tried to blackmail Wilson because of his friendship with his daughter Joy (who is now Mrs. Wilson). Stewart had written some revealing pages from Wilson's diary. He cried: "Read it, and wonder how I feel as a father whose daughter is in love with this man."

But Wilson was unconcerned. His only anxiety was that his publishers refused to print his huge 150,000-word novel about a modern Ripper. The very subject seemed to shock Mr. Colgate.

For three years since Wilson has worked to get the book into print. He has rewritten it. He has tried other publishers—who wanted to cut it by two-thirds. Then, just a few days ago, came the best news of Wilson's career. Out of the blue came an offer from Victor Gollancz, in order to him that his novel *Ritual in the Dark* will be published in full next March.

What has made Mr. Gollancz change his mind? Perhaps he has been impressed lately. Perhaps he has suddenly seen the commercial possibilities in the rewritten book.

In any case he must be expecting a huge demand. For the book is the length of *Gone with the Wind*. Yet he will sell it at around 16s. a copy.

Robert Pitman

ON NEW BOOKS

Are such hopes for Wilson's novel justified?

For an answer I take you back to the conducted tour which he arranged for me in Whitechapel.

Wilson steered his small saloon along the dark back-streets. Joy Wilson followed a well-marked street map we stepped by the gaunt walls of

"This was the night of the double murder," said Wilson. "A Saturday. There was a working men's club here. Mostly immigrants. They had been discussing politics until

after midnight. A little later a man drove his donkey and cart into the yard below the club and found a Swedish woman with her throat cut."

Wilson talked on. As he talked I could almost hear the prattle of hands through those lighted windows as the East End immigrants discussed Socialism or the problems of Jewry in 1888. And I could see the hands jerk still in horror as the terrified cart-driver ran upstairs yelling that the Ripper had struck again.

We moved on. "The Ripper must have walked back along the Commercial Road like this," said Wilson. "He had not completed his murder ritual that night. I suppose he felt he must go on. You can imagine his excitement and fear."

"Then at about 1.30 a.m. he met Catherine Eddowes. She had just been let out of the police-station cells at Bishopsgate where she had been held for drunkenness. A pity for her she was not more drunk."

In an ill-lit courtyard, which remained the same to the day, we stood reverently at the spot where Catherine Eddowes was found.

The party proceeded in a cobbled street near a vast Victorian warehouse we stopped again in the shadows.

"Poor Mary Anne Nicholls," said Wilson. "She had tried to get a night's lodgings in an awful does-house over there. But she hadn't got the necessary 1d. So she was walking a new hat. So she said: 'I'll be back with the money. See what a fine bonnet I've got. I shan't be long.' Pathetic — her smart new hat."

Wilson looked at the site where Mary Anne's bonnet finally came to rest. He said: "When Joy's father took my diary he saw my notes on this murder. Only then he thought I was a maniac."

Possibilities

The weather was more than warm. Past midnight, looking for our final site, we heard a laugh: "Bitcher they're looking for the Ripper!"

It came from a woman shop-keeper sitting big and blonde on a chair outside her shop. Her neighbours chatted with her. The intellectual — voiced Wilson joined them. In a cluster on the pavement they keenly exchanged theories about that terror-ridden autumn?

Already on our strange tour young Mr. Wilson may be on the way to a big step forward as he was when he was an unknown temporary postman less than four years ago. A step which may put him far beyond ex-postman Osborne.

—(London Express Service)



the best news of his career.

This Fascinating Man They Called Chief

THE CHIEF. By Robert Jackson, Horrap, 21s.

SOMEWHERE in the

capacious

rag-bag

of my memory there is a

mental snapshot, dated

(I should think) about

1933 or 1934. A police-

man was holding up the

traffic in the Strand im-

mediately opposite the

Law Courts.

A sturdy, composed, mildly round-elderly gentleman made

his way across the road under

this protection.

I was with two friends who

had just been called to the Bar.

They took off their hats and

bowed to the old gentleman.

Hurriedly, I did the same.

At the top

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The Chief," they said. In

accents of youthful awe.

He was Lord Hewart. He had been Lord Chief Justice of England then, some 11 or 12 years, and was at the summit of his fame and authority.

Not perhaps the greatest man to hold his high office, not always the wisest of judges, but a fascinating, subtle and many-sided character as Mr. Jackson

in his biography makes clear.

And I decided that that

young Mr. Wilson may be on

the way to a big step for-

ward as he was when he was

an unknown temporary postman

less than four years ago. A step

which may put him far beyond

ex-postman Osborne.

—(London Express Service)

By JOHN CONNELL

the one and Robert Jackson is

account of Lloyd George's cel-

lile manoeuvrings, which is

the other.

Council, J., concurs in this

judgement of Crisell, J. Not

is a little hard, I think, on Lord

Hewart, who was an obvious

success, and a complete

failure.

He was diligent, conscientious,

and fluent, and energetic

advocate. Like many others in

the Lord Chancellor's depart-

ment, who I suspect, to

was drawn to politics.

He fought a by-election or two,

and entered the House of Com-

mions in 1913 as a Liberal MP

for Leicestershire.

His political association with

Lloyd George was close, and for

many years friendly.

He was first Solicitor-General and later

Attorney-General in Lloyd

George's war-time and post-war

Coalitions.

The crisis

The great crisis of his life

occurred when the first Lord

Reading, then Lord Chief

Justice, was appointed Viceroy

of India, and Lloyd George, as

Prime Minister, sought to prevent

Hewart from succeeding

Reading.

Lloyd George wanted to keep

Hewart in the House and in the

Government, and was not at all

scrupulous about how he did it.

Mr Jackson gives a detailed

—(London Express Service).

If you've ever been puzzled by teenagers...

-HERE'S WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT YOU

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS. By Colin MacInnes, MacGibbon and Kee, 15s.

HERE, you citizens, taxpayers, oldsters, you conscripts, sordids and squares (which means you and me, dear reader) dig this; this is what you and your city and the civilisation you have made there look like to an articulate teen-ager.

It's not very pretty, if you want to know. And if you want to know why, read Mr. MacInnes' new novel which will tell you in the authentic language and rhythm of today's young. And though you may not like it, you will certainly get a new angle on what makes these kids tick the old way (as you probably think they do tick). And you may begin to understand them better.

The crazy cat who tells the story is not himself typical of the teen-agers. But he lives in the middle of the teen-age rave, understands it and is on their side.

Seeing them around in their favourite haunts, with money to spend for the first time, he says "Good luck to them!"

An anarchist. Himself he's an anarchist (non-mug is what he calls it). He has two conditions for working. One, that he does it in his own time and, two, "even if you can't make big money every day, have a graft that makes you make it sometimes."

So, he's a photographer, street, holiday park, studio, artistic poses, and when I can find a client, portraiture!"

This job takes him round a whole lot. His model has no money, it is great weakness. It's a protracted tour of the contemporary London teenage scene.

He watches the cats and their chicks in their coffee bars, disc arcades and teen-age drag shops.

He gets into the Knightsbridge-Chelsea circuit where the debos and TV personalities rub up with the Williams Hill set.

He chases this chick. Creep Suckit, who is seeling for power, with a rich old middle-class man, the rag-trade. And his story ends with the riot at Notting Hill where he lives because it is cheap and no queues are asked.

His shots of the riots are passionate and vivid. But he really should be a bit careful about getting preachy. That's his danger, if he wants my advice, which of course he doesn't.

Richard Lister

—(London Express Service).



WHY AUSTRALIA SHINES IN THE SPORTS WORLD

It's The Climate And Early Training

Although Australia, on a population count, ranks as one of the world's smaller countries, in sport it must be considered as a major power. The population is only 10,000,000 but Australia's amateur sportsperson and sportswoman hold 50 world athletic records.

Sixteen of these records are track and field events, and 34 for swimming.

Over and above these, a young man from Sydney, Stuart Mackenzie, is the acknowledged world sculling champion.

In the track and field section, 12 individual world records are held by four men and four girls. The other four records are for relay events.

In swimming, 20 individual world records are held, also, oddly enough, by four men and four girls, the eight other records being for relay events. It must not be supposed from the table shown below that running and swimming are the only sports occupying the attention of Australian sportsmen and sportswomen.

Just about every sport known is played, and usually played well, throughout the continent.

In the international field, Australians have also distinguished themselves in tennis, golf, cycling, hockey, ice skating, cricket, motor-cycle and car racing. Rugby union and Rugby league football, billiards, badminton, and other sporting activities.

Consider the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne. In the unofficial tally of total points Australia finished third to the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.

Leaving out the impressive list of firsts, seconds and thirds in track, field and swimming events, Australia won a first and a third in cycling (2,000 metres tandem and 1,000 metres scratch race), a second and a third in rowing (single sculls, double sculls and eight with cox), a third in boxing (welterweight), and a second and third in yachting (12 square metres class and 6.5 metres class).

ONE OUT OF FOUR

There were even better results at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Wales in 1950, where the Australians won approximately one out of every four possible medals.

In a total of 94 events, they achieved 27 firsts, 22 seconds and 17 thirds, finishing second only to England, which won 29 firsts, 22 seconds and 29 thirds. Australia won medals in every branch of sporting endeavour represented at the games, except lawn bowls.

Victories included gold medals in all events but bowls, fencing

and wrestling; silver medals in all but bowls and weightlifting; and bronze medals in all but bowls and boxing.

Eleven gold medals were won in swimming, 10 in athletics, two each in boxing and cycling, and one each in rowing and weightlifting; six silver medals were won in swimming, six in athletics, four in fencing, two each in rowing and cycling, and one each in boxing and wrestling; five bronze medals were won in swimming, six in athletics, two each in rowing and weightlifting, and one each in fencing and wrestling.

At the games Australia also had the distinction of setting four new records — three in swimming and one in athletics; of filling all three places in the mile track race, the men's and women's 100 yards freestyle swimming races, and the women's 440 yards freestyle; and of becoming the first nation ever to hold the marathon and the six-mile, mile and half-mile track titles simultaneously.

The school may prefer rugby football in the winter and cricket in the summer.

The new conception of physical education differs widely from the old system known as "P.T." (physical training) which was little more than an elementary system of physical exercises, an unmotivational and mechanical form of training.

The modern system is designed as a complement to academic education. It aims at promoting the muscular development of the child while at the same time developing his emotional stability, all through physical activities. It seeks to cultivate sportsmanship, co-operation, and helps to make good citizens as well as good sportmen and sportswomen.

By Jack Talbot

The compulsory physical education and outdoor sports assist greatly in the moral adjustment of the children. The recreational activities of their young days prepare them for their life. They are taught to play hard but to conduct themselves with modesty, to try to win by superior skill or tactics, to take their victories humbly and to lose gracefully.

In short, the primary and high schools all over Australia cultivate the child's natural physical energies to an pattern conducive to gaining maximum personal and which permits his athletic skill and intelligence to develop. It is here the foundations are laid for the success of the runners, swimmers, tennis players, rowers, golfers of the future.

When the youngsters leave high school and either enter the university or start their first jobs, a way of life has been created, which they seek to perpetuate in some form of sporting activity.

Australia's climate encourages this urge. Tennis can be played on open courts all through the year. Swimmers in the southern part of the continent can use open-air pools with comfort for eight months of the year and in the northern part all through the year. European football teams visiting Australia in the winter have been known to complain of the heat.

The average yearly temperature range (Fahrenheit) in the five capital cities that are the nation's main sporting venues is: Brisbane, 76 to 66; Perth, 73 to 55; Adelaide, 72 to 53; Sydney, 71 to 55; Melbourne, 68 to 50. The average daily hours of sunshine over 12 months is Perth 7.8; Brisbane 7.5; Adelaide 7.0; Sydney 6.8; Melbourne 5.8.

MUCH SUNSHINE

Such temperate conditions and so much sunshine encourage people to open air activity, particularly sport. And Australians certainly use their wonderful environment to advantage. Most of them can swim and there are nearly 40,000 "serious" swimmers registered with amateur swimming associations; a quarter of a million men and women play golf; women's softball has 16,000 registered players; 160,000 men and 30,000 women play lawn bowls; 40,000 men and 10,000 girls are registered hockey players; the registered football associations have 6,000 registered members; it would be unsafe to try even to estimate the scores of thousands who play tennis, football and cricket; even "minor" activities like archery, table tennis and weightlifting each has thousands of devotees.

Miss Cuthbert started her career as a runner by representing her primary school in a district schools carnival and then at the primary schools annual carnival. As a school-girl her summer choice was tennis, swimming and running; and her winter, basketball, hockey and running.

She is always in bed by 9.30 in the evening.

ALL-YEAR SWIMMING

The swimmers keep going all through the year, also. The swimmers' winter in Sydney, for example, covers the months of May, June, July and August. In the latter month the water temperature is 60 deg. Fahr. During this period they engage in callisthenics, weightlifting, and general athletic pursuits under the supervision of their respective coaches, and have very restricted swimming in indoor pools. In spring (September, October, November) when the water temperature varies from 62 deg. Fahr. to 68, basic training and con-

tinuing is carried out in long-course outdoor pools. Summer (December, 70 deg. Fahr.; January, 71; February, 71; March, 70) is devoted to race preparations, and State and national championships.

Apart from hard training at vital times, John Konradus and his sister Ida usually cover about five miles each day at the baths near their home. They rise at five, cycle to the baths, swim a couple of miles, return home, have breakfast and go to school. After school they swim another three miles. Incidentally, the youngsters have voracious appetites. They bar no food, but they concentrate on green vegetables and milk.

While sporting officials and coaches in Australia sometimes differ on methods of training, they all agree on one thing—and that is that the quality of the boys and girls in their charge is the result of the early school programme, a favourable climate, a healthy diet and the high national standard of living.

The 50 world records and

100 national records were won in 1953, and the 1954 figures are likely to be even more impressive.

It is the climate and the early training that make Australia shine in the sports world.

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

The Toast Is 'The Souzas'
—Irene And George

Salute the Souzas. Their magnificent double achievement in winning both Colony lawn bowls-singles titles is a domestic feat that could very well stand for all time in our sporting records.

It must surely be unique for a husband and wife to capture dual honours of this kind in lawn bowls. It certainly has not happened before in Hongkong and there seems to be no indication, within the knowledge of some of our best informed experts, that it has happened elsewhere. Maybe it has, but that does not detract one iota from the success which Mr and Mrs Souza have scored here right before our eyes.

With Colony sport in the doldrums a triumph like this comes as a real breath of breeze. It brings sport into a period of utter dreariness, personally into the commonplace; and injects a spirit of adventure at a time when everything seems to be too much bother and when, for too many of our youngsters, need convincing that the successful end justifies the striving means.

Quite apart from the very obvious statistical value of the whole affair there is a much more important aspect ... the manner in which each Souza victory was won.

The Colony's two 1959 Singles Champions displayed not only ability of the highest order, they also set the best pattern for all who still believe that the game is the thing and that no encounter, no matter how hopeless the situation appears to be, is ever lost until it is won.

Concentration

That however is not all. They showed a high degree of concentration, an unequalled determination to fight back ... but above all they showed in the very clearest way that such qualities can be exploited to the maximum without prejudice to the very highest principles of fair play and exemplary sportsmanship.

Mrs Souza set the stage for a great drama in the women's final when she edged out Selina Silva in a tense, dour struggle to get herself crowned the Ladies Singles Champion.

When her husband stepped on to the excellent sward at the Hongkong Football Club he was faced with the combined task of trying to win the men's title and make history at the same time.

Maybe at first he found the situation too unnerving; maybe he was trying too hard; maybe it was just that he found himself pitted against a player of great ability ... who was already fortified with the tranquillity which comes from a wealth of past experience of the big occasion. But, whatever it was, there was no early indication that the Souza silver collection was about to get the big boost of its life.

Hit Form

George's opponent, M. B. Hassan, hit brilliant form right from the start and when the score stood at 13-0 in Hassan's favour the Craigengowans' skipper seemed to have about as much chance of finishing on top as a lawn of winning the Kwangtung Handicap ... race or sweep!

Hassan would have been pardoned at that stage if he had sent a message to his home to clean the family sideboard to make room for the trophy ... but, as they say—there's many a slip and with dramatic suddenness the picture began to change and the initiative passed from Hassan to Souza. The fight was really on.

I have never seen a lawn bowls audience respond to a game as did the big crowd that watched the tense inch by inch, shot by shot battle which these two superlative sportsmen put on. It was superb entertainment; it must have been a great test for those who are easily disturbed by the emotions of a throbbing occasion.

Each wood brought its own particular quota of oh's and ah's, grunts and groans, cheers and applause. The two players responded by carrying the game to a truly magnificent climax which saw Souza hold off into a victory that had seemed far beyond his reach eighty or ninety minutes earlier. It was glorious stuff. A credit to Colony sport and a timely lesson on the merits of the good old fashioned never-say-die spirit.

The leading finalists Mrs Selina Silva and imperious M. B. Hassan are to be congratulated on their efforts to reach the last stage of their respective competitions and also on their valiant if unsuccessful efforts in the finals ... but to sportsmen and sportswomen everywhere in Hongkong the

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

tonday in "The Souzas ... Irene and George."

★ ★ ★

In defiance of the weather the "winter" sports programme really gets underway this week-end. King Soccer claims the major share of the sporting limelight but softball enthusiasts will send their way to King's Park.

There will also be an encouraging return of stick-wielding for followers of hockey, while cricketers will be hard at work bringing flexibility back to their wrists and ironing these enormous bends out of their bowling arms before submitting their action to the eagle eyes of the umpires.

Rugby too is coming to life and, encouraged by the recent visit of Sir Wavell Wakefield, our local officials seem set to make the new season one of the most successful in recent years.

Promising

For sports fans it is a promising picture even if many of the usual participants in the various games are finding training hard going in our very trying late summer weather.

Nevertheless the call of fitness must be served and all credit to these men and women who are preparing conscientiously for the opening of another season.

Colony football has been dragged through the mire to such an extent in recent months that the general public must be looking forward to the new league competition with fingers tightly crossed.

There has been a marked levelling out of talent between the various leading teams. This should contribute to healthier competition and provided all games are decided on their football merit, we could have a very interesting period ahead.

Many keen observers will watch South China with close attention. The departure of Yiu Cheuk-sun and Lee Yuk-tak means the disintegration of their highly successful side.

On many occasions last season their suspect defence was raved from embarrassment by the goal scoring power of the forward line and it will be one of the most interesting points of the new season to see how the triple champions fare with a completely unbalanced front rank made up it would seem a brilliant right wing and little else.

Inconsistency

It will be something of a soccer miracle if Mok Chun-wai can find a new lease of life at inside left after spending so long on the wing. Frankly I cannot believe—based on last season's performances—that he has either the strength or the stamina for the job. Physical fitness and, of course, the soccer aptitude to make a success of the inside forward berth and unless South China are really scrapping the bottom of the barrel for forward talent I think he will be back on the wing before very long. The Caroline Hill side has had a brilliant run in recent years, and maybe it is time for a change of name on the part of the senior trophies, but I think any side that dares to underestimate the champions will still get a rude awakening.

A great deal of early season attention will, of course, be centred on the kitchen. It is apparent that, in spite of a seemingly endless procession of big names the club has qualified in recent years for the title of the "Champion Delicatessen" of Hongkong football.

Time after time they have started a new season in a blaze of publicity and just as often their newly acquired big names have become big flops. Inconsistency has long been Kitchen's

Portsmouth And Brighton Are Biggest Rivals

By ARCHIE QUICK

The Battle of the South Coast Soccer towns has been joined. The biggest rivalry exists between Portsmouth and Brighton, one of whom has been relegated from the first division and the other promoted from the third to become direct antagonists in the second.

But Plymouth also have reached the second division, Southampton are challenging the top, and Bournemouth and Torquay are well placed in the third and fourth divisions.

For 32 years Portsmouth, Cup winners and League Champions, were proud members of the first division, while Brighton languished without a break in the third division from the time of its formation in 1920. All that is altered now, and Brighton aspire to becoming the "Blackpool of the South" — in a football sense, of course.

Quite apart from the usual liability, One week they have turned in a credible performance against star opposition and the next they have failed miserably when set the task of disposing of a mediocre side.

This year the Kitchener officials have really surprised themselves in the collection of important autographs and the team will almost certainly start the new season with eight new players in the line-up. If they fall to the high spots this time we shall begin to believe there is some sort of jinx on the club at far as extracting full value from established stars is concerned.

Control of the season's points may rest with Tung Wish, K.M.B., and Police as the sides to beat if honours are to be won, although the Bremen may be hard pressed to maintain their former high position with the depleted eleven that they were mapped up at ten guineas a time within 48 hours.

A pleasant additional income of 500 guineas.

The aim of the Sussex club is to cover and have seating accommodation on three sides of the ground — the fourth side is restricted by Ancient Lights. Plymouth are equally ambitious.

Manager Jack Rowley told me that the club's "present troubles are over." "For a while, anyhow," he said, "they too have plans for improved accommodation at Home Park. "We have an area to ourselves unsurpassed by any other League club, and the public are

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Jack Dempsey.
2. Ice.
3. Sam Snead.
4. Ron Burnet.
5. False. Britain has beaten New Zealand once — 6-3 at Christchurch in 1930.
6. Prince Alexander Obolensky.
7. a) Lawn Tennis, b) Soccer, c) Diving.
8. Yes.
9. Neale Fraser and Rod Laver.
10. Six: Louis, Charles, Waldo, Mariano, Patterson, Johnson.

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